



The American LEGION

MONTHLY

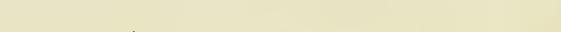
APRIL 1934



W. LESTER STEVENS.

The Story of the
ROOSEVELT
DIVISION

by Major General
J.G. Harbord



Certainly
it's Schlitz"

- You'll see SCHLITZ in the smartest places — you'll find it served in well-ordered homes.
- The glamour of SCHLITZ unchallenged leadership — in achieving significant milestones in the art of brewing — invites the stamp of approval from the smart hostess.
- To serve SCHLITZ in Brown Bottles is ultra. To drink SCHLITZ is to exhibit a keen appreciation of a properly made beer of marvelous flavor. Flavor in SCHLITZ beer is like style in a Worth frock. It's the master touch — appreciated by those who know — imitated by all — achieved by a few.
- It's smart to drink SCHLITZ in Brown Bottles.

Schlitz

In Brown Bottles

The white bottle is insufficient protection for the damaging effects of light. That's why SCHLITZ introduced the Brown Bottle — to protect SCHLITZ purity and preserve SCHLITZ flavor. Drink SCHLITZ and Be Sure.



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Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

A BLOW-OUT IN THE MAKING MAY BE IN YOUR TIRE RIGHT NOW



HOW GOLDEN PLY TIRE SAVES MOTORISTS' LIVES



NEW SILVERTOWN PREVENTS GREAT CAUSE OF BLOW-OUTS—GIVES MONTHS OF EXTRA MILEAGE—FREE!

A BLOW-OUT is like a snake in the grass. Unseen in advance, it strikes when you least expect it. Often when you think your tires are still good for thousands of miles. Often when you and your loved ones are speeding along some fast, crowded highway.

BANG! A blow-out. Desperately your hands grip the steering wheel. With all your strength you clamp down the foot-brake. No use. Your car swerves. You can't steer. Trees, ditches or speeding traffic block the way. Your lives are in the hands of Fate.

To protect motorists from blow-outs every new Goodrich Silvertown has the amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply. This remarkable invention resists heat. Rubber and fabric don't separate. Thus blisters don't form inside the tire. The great, unseen cause of blow-outs is prevented before it begins. The Golden Ply makes you 3 times safer than before. And here's proof.

Racing daredevils tested it out at break-neck speeds. On the world's fastest track. Gave it everything they had. Rubber got so hot it fairly smoked. Not one blow-out. Similar tires without the Life-Saver Golden Ply failed at one-third the distance the Golden

Ply Silvertowns were run. And what's more, the Golden Ply Silvertowns kept right on eating up the miles.

In addition to being 3 times safer from blow-outs with the new Goodrich Silvertowns on your car, you'll get plenty of extra mileage, too. For, with the destructive effects of internal heat overcome by the Golden Ply, the big, rugged Silvertown outwears ordinary tires by months.

No extra cost!

Enjoy the priceless feeling of security every time you sit behind the wheel. Get more mileage than you ever got out of tires before. Play safe! See your nearest Goodrich dealer today about a set of Golden

Ply Silvertowns for your car. And remember, they cost not a penny more than other standard tires.



FREE! Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich dealer, join Silvertown Safety League, and receive one FREE. Or send 10¢ (to cover packing and mailing) to Dept. 330, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Akron, O.



Goodrich *Safety*

Copyright, 1934, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co.

APRIL, 1934

Silvertown WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion

APRIL, 1934

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IF YOU HAVE NEVER BEEN TO FLORIDA—

YOU will want to go to Miami for The American Legion's National Convention, October 22d to 25th, whether or not you have visited Florida before. It is the vacation opportunity of a lifetime—a chance to see America's tropical Riviera wonderland at lowest costs ever. Drive or go by train or bus, plane or ship. Save your vacation until October and take it in Miami.

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How much can this FREE MEMBERSHIP actually save you? When over 81,000 booklovers found out that it would save them \$12 to \$30 and even more, they rushed to accept this offer! Consequently, this "One Dollar" Club has—in a remarkably short time—become a tremendous success.

How this Common-Sense Plan Saves You Money

Each month, if you wish, the postman will put into your hands a book that was first published at anywhere from \$2 to \$3.50, or even more. It may be an exciting Biography, adding to your knowledge of the world's great people.

It may be a fascinating book of Travel, Adventure, or History told with modern freshness. It may be an outstanding work of Fiction. At any rate, it will be a book carefully chosen for interest, permanent value, and literary excellence. In recent months, for example, members have received books by such famous authors as H. G. Wells, John Drinkwater, W. Somerset Maugham, Ellen Glasgow, William McFee, and other great modern writers.

Every book is a high-grade volume—an ORIGINAL EDITION or an edition identical with the original, handsomely clothbound, wellprinted on excellent paper. "HUMAN BEING" by Christopher Morley, for example, is a 350-page book beautifully bound in rich tan linen, tastefully stamped in gold, with a two-color title page.

You pay nothing to the postman when the book is delivered to you. And you have paid nothing at all in advance. THEN you examine the book, look it through, and judge whether or not you want to keep it. If you DO decide you want it, are sure you will enjoy it, and wish to make it a permanent part of your growing library—then you merely send the Club \$1 plus the few cents postage charge. You pay only \$1 for



a book you personally have judged and are SURE you want—only \$1 for a book first published at from two to four times this amount!

You Take Only the Books You Want

Now, on the other hand, suppose you do NOT wish the book. Then you may return it, and pay nothing. Or, if you care to, you may buy (for only one dollar) any one of the other books listed and described in the Monthly Bulletin—all of which were first published at \$2.00 to \$3.50. Or you may take no book at all, if that is your wish! In any event you pay for no book until you are sure you want it—and if you TAKE nothing you PAY nothing!

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This great book now offered to Club Members for only ONE DOLLAR, has already become one of the best-loved books by the famous author of "Where The Blue Begins," "Thunder on the Left," "Parnassus on Wheels," and many other works. It has won the admiration of millions. Of the overwhelming acclaim accorded HUMAN BEING, there is space here to quote only a few typical reviews:

"It is a glorious book . . . wise and understanding; sweet and bitter book. It has a touch of God in it, and the devil. It has all New York in it, and most of America." —Edna Ferber

"By his own special brand of word-magic Morley has indeed 'Caught a human being in the act of being human.'" —New York World

"It impresses one as the ripest and most full-flavored of his books. There are side-splitting pages on the publishing business, picturesque pages on the show business, and understanding pages on the human business." —The Nation

"Page after page of utter joy. HUMAN BEING is everything that all his admirers have claimed for Christopher Morley. It has charm and

brilliance and allure." —Chicago Tribune

"A novel rich and wise and salty beyond anything the author has yet written—the observations are acute, the episodes enchanting, the portraits unforgettable." —Saturday Review of Literature

"One of the best of the season's books . . . one of the wisest, wittiest, most penetrating volumes that has been written in years." —Richard M. D. Times-Dispatch

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Please enroll me free as a Club Member and send me each month the Monthly Bulletin and the book selected, commencing with HUMAN BEING, by Christopher Morley. I will examine each Book Selection for three days and if I decide to keep it, I will send you the Club price of \$1.00 plus the small postage charge of ten cents. If I do not like it, I will return it to you, in which case I am to have the privilege of choosing an alternative book. If I wish, from the list in the Bulletin, I am not obliged as a Club Member in any way except to pay for the books which I decide to keep. I am to be free to discontinue membership at any time I wish.

NAME.....

STREET and NO.

CITY..... STATE.....

OCCUPATION.....





It's Like FINDING MONEY

By Thomas J. Malone

WHO will not stop in the street, whatever his hurry, to pick up a dime, a nickel, yes, a cent even, whether dropped by himself or seen lying unclaimed, lost, ownerless? And if it be not a cent or a nickel or a dime, but a quarter, a half-dollar or maybe a bill of one, five or—let's not get all worked up—how it brightens one's day and induces the smirk of satisfaction! There is Yankee in all of us. So boys may be seen trying with sticks to fish out through gratings over light wells a coin no longer lost, but found. Discovery of a dime or a street-car token in the pit of a drop-lid desk cheers many a stenographer on her way to the drug-store fountain.

You take down a suit that has been laid away for a season, and in the vest pocket or way down in a corner inside the lining—Oh, exhilarating find!—there is an unlooked for, a forgotten, dime. You shake out a pair of trousers to be sent to the cleaners, and out of a cuff rolls the price of a cigar or a shave.

Under a bed, a bureau, a rug, a radiator, the ice box, the wife's dust-questioning eye sights a bit of coin—and does she tell you about it, and the neighbors? It has doubtless been so always. "What woman," says the Good Book, "having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it? And when she hath found it, she calleth her friends and her neighbors together, saying, 'Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which I had lost.'"

Almost anyone will stoop to retrieve, pocket, a found coin, with inward rejoicing. Still, there are hundreds, thousands, possibly millions, of persons in the United States this very minute who

Persons Unknown to Uncle Sam Hold Seven Million Dollars' Worth of War Savings Securities Which He'd Like to Redeem for That Amount in Cash

have in their possession certain little pieces of government paper, not money but the equivalent of money, which they could turn into cash promptly if they moved to do so. The conversion would be almost like picking money from the ground.

Some of these little papers are worth twenty-five cents each, some one dollar, some five dollars and some larger amounts. Uncle Sam will pay cash for them, on the asking. Some of them never bore interest. On the others interest ceased a good while ago. The volume of these dormant, long asleep pieces outstanding today is more than seven million dollars. They are the residue of the "war savings securities" sold in four forms by the Treasury Department at various times in the six years beginning with 1918.

The four forms, it will be recalled (although those who spent part or all of 1918 overseas may never have set eyes on one) were the little green 25-cent thrift stamp, the one dollar Treasury savings stamp, the war savings stamp of five-dollar maturity value and the Treasury savings certificates of \$25, \$100 and \$1,000 denominations, maturity values. Only the thrift and war savings stamps were sold during the war itself. The other two forms were part of and closely knit into the savings, revenue-producing scheme of the Government.

The thrift and Treasury stamps did not bear interest. They were meant to be exchanged for the other forms as they accumulated. The war savings stamp was a discount security, sold at increasing prices from month to month (\$4.12, the first month; \$4.13, the second, and so on) and maturing, five years from date of issue, for \$5. The difference (*Continued on page 59*)

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

A MUTUAL COMPANY FOUNDED IN 1845

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

89TH ANNUAL STATEMENT, DECEMBER 31, 1933

To the Policy-holders and the Public:—

The service of a life insurance company is measured, largely, by its returns to policy-holders and beneficiaries. By this standard the New York Life accomplished more in 1933 than in any other year since it began business in 1845.

In this year of stress, in addition to making many policy loans, the Company paid the enormous sum of **\$255,977,483** to policy-holders, beneficiaries, and annuitants.

It closed the year with Assets amounting to **\$2,010,943,112**, the largest in its history, valued as prescribed by the National Convention of Insurance Commissioners. The Company's total Liabilities were **\$1,896,651,321**.

Its surplus funds reserved for general contingencies amounted to **\$114,291,791**.

In the interest of conservatism, the Company voluntarily set up in its liabilities two special contingency reserves as follows: **\$21,014,507**, which is the difference between December 31, 1933 market quotations and the values carried in Assets of stocks, and of bonds in default, bonds of companies in receivership, and bonds which for any reason are not carried in Assets at amortized value; and **\$7,500,000** for deferred mortgage interest collections, which are larger than normal due to the general economic situation.

The Company also set aside a reserve of **\$48,038,244** for apportionment of dividends during 1934, a sum sufficient to provide the same regular annual dividend on each individual policy as was paid in 1933, except on term insurance policies.

Of special interest was the increased demand for annuities. Many men and women, desiring to secure a fixed

income for life and relief from investment worries, placed their capital in annuities providing a guaranteed life income. The total so invested was **\$20,662,386**, a larger amount than in any other single year.

The total insurance in force represented by **2,672,876** policies was **\$6,869,268,269**. The total new paid for insurance was **\$378,669,800**.

The following table shows the diversification of the Company's Assets as reported to the Insurance Department of the State of New York and valued as stated above:

	Per Cent
Cash on Hand or in Bank	\$30,943,412.43
United States Gov't. Bonds	98,164,386.21
State, County, Municipal Bonds	154,913,244.26
Public Utility Bonds	154,483,453.00
Industrial and Other Bonds	18,598,126.14
Railroad Bonds	360,293,658.42
Canadian Bonds	39,957,188.69
Foreign Bonds	2,064,448.32
Preferred and Guaranteed Stocks	67,923,705.64
Real Estate (<i>Including Home Office</i>)	72,477,359.29
First Mortgages, City Properties	495,297,998.40
First Mortgages, Farms	17,353,431.95
Policy Loans	413,873,648.41
Interest & Rents Due & Accrued	41,269,429.08
Other Assets	43,329,621.78
TOTAL ASSETS	\$2,010,943,112.02
	100%

Further information about the Company will be furnished upon request to its Home Office at 51 Madison Avenue, New York, or to any of its Branch Offices throughout the United States and Canada.

Thomas A. Buckner
President

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* *The National Commander Says -*

STRENGTH *in* NUMBERS *will* WIN

WHEN the last standard had been brought to the platform, and the national convention in Chicago paused a moment to hear the first words of your newly elected National Commander, I spoke from my heart and with reason when I said:

"It is my pledge to our disabled comrades that I shall exert every effort in my power to bring within the rank and file of this organization every eligible man."

There was a conviction back of that pledge. It has grown with added experience, since then, in our fight to bring justice back to the disabled and the dependents. It came about from the sneers of those who oppose our program. The only truthful thing said about the Legion by its opponents to our legislation for the disabled is that the Legion represents only about twenty-five percent of the eligibles. That is the one argument that Legion leaders on the firing line before Congressional committees have been unable to answer. Our opponents, you may be sure, make the most of it.

If the Legion is to carry through to successful conclusion its more or less continuous battle on behalf of the disabled, the individual Legionnaire must understand that it is his personal responsibility to keep the Legion lines strengthened in numbers. Numbers constitute the one thing that seems to count. They mean to the average mind that the veterans of America are supporting our fight in proportion to the membership of our organization.

Therefore, strength in membership must be a continuing program. It becomes our first arm of battle. The only way to achieve the highest possible enrollment is consistently and persistently to carry on the effort. We must keep always in view the need of such strength in order to give our organization the power for maximum service to our country and to our disabled. As our gains in strength continue, so will our accomplishments increase.

On the annual telegraphic roll call last November 17th, we started the new Legion year with a total advance 1934 membership of 204,000. By February 16th, the national 1934 membership had passed the half million mark fifteen days ahead of the year before. The splendid results of the Legion's birthday celebration, March 15th, have inspired us to new goals and plans for another nation-wide aerial round-up. Last year it added

50,778 members to the rolls. Fifty planes converged within a given hour at National Headquarters in Indianapolis.

This year the date for the aerial round-up will be May 1st. It will be a climax to preceding aerial round-ups within the Departments, finally bringing to the annual meeting of the National Executive Committee, May 3d and 4th, the entire cumulative mid-year strength of the organization. It is to be combined with a mobilization problem that promises to make it a demonstration in national defense which will test the civilian components of our nation's air forces, including the National Guard and the Reserve officers.

In planning spectacular and public membership campaigns, the Legion accomplishes two purposes. One is to lighten the otherwise prosaic activity of member-getting. The other is to tie in an ideal, a service or a constructive activity, with the idea of building up the effectiveness of the organization. In every Legion endeavor the general public can well participate. When we enlist the help of those outside the Legion ranks in building up our strength we are bringing to our support the same faith and good-will that the public gave us in war service.

In this respect Legion membership is different from that of any other organization. It is because the Legion is a vital element in many public affairs, local, state and national. The strength of the Legion post is a matter of public interest to the post's community, just as the post, if it carries out its Legion program of service, is a vital element in the welfare of the community.

Each individual member, then, has a Legion duty to perform in maintaining and increasing the membership of his post. He also has a definite personal responsibility to himself in seeing that success, through added membership, is made possible for the things that he, through his proper representatives in the National Convention, decreed should be done.

• • NEXT MONTH • •

John Thomas Taylor, Vice-Chairman of the Legion's National Legislative Committee, Will Report on Recent Events in Washington Affecting the World War Veteran



AGAIN IN DEMAND...THE WORLD OVER

In the last eight months, more and more requests for BUDWEISER have been received from every civilized country in the world.... In the fourteen years that American beers were off the market, these foreign countries still had their own good beer. Yet, after fourteen years, they again single out BUDWEISER among American brews, because it has an unforgettable personality — identified with the fine art of living the world over.... The biggest-selling bottled beer in history and the demand for BUDWEISER quality built the world's largest brewery..... Order by the case for your home.

For those who make living a fine art...

Budweiser

KING OF BOTTLED BEER

A N H E U S E R - B U S C H • • • S A I N T L O U I S
APRIL, 1934



"Carrying On"

"HERE'S a group of youngsters carrying on! We have what every young man on the way up needs. Let's tell them."

That, in effect, was the decision which prompted this company's first advertisement in the American Legion's official publication away back at the start.

It didn't take any wizardry to foresee the fate of legionnaires. "Carrying on" was a habit learned early in life. These men, schooled in the realities, with iron in their souls and determination in their hearts, weren't looking for soft jobs. They knew how to work hard—and they would carry that training into civilian life.

So the John Hancock continued to tell its story to legionnaires—in every issue of their magazine, from that time on. That many of you have profited by John Hancock service is seen in the number of legionnaires who are policyholders.

The past decade has justified our prediction. Legionnaires have carried on to success in business, in the professions, in public life. Life insurance has carried on with them. Some of you, forced to retreat during the years of depression, have seen how life insurance can make that retreat a dignified one, and prepare you to carry on with renewed strength and courage.

Another decade will find many of you carrying on to a well-earned retirement, or perhaps within sight of the sort of achievement that to you is better than retirement. Life insurance can help all along the way, as it has in the past. And the John Hancock, one of America's foremost life insurance companies, is ready as always to give you the service you need. Talk to your local John Hancock representative or clip the coupon if you would like more information about how life insurance can help you in "carrying on."



JOHN HANCOCK INQUIRY BUREAU,
197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass.
*Please send me your booklet describing the
many uses of life insurance.*

Name

Street and No.

City State

A. L. M. 434

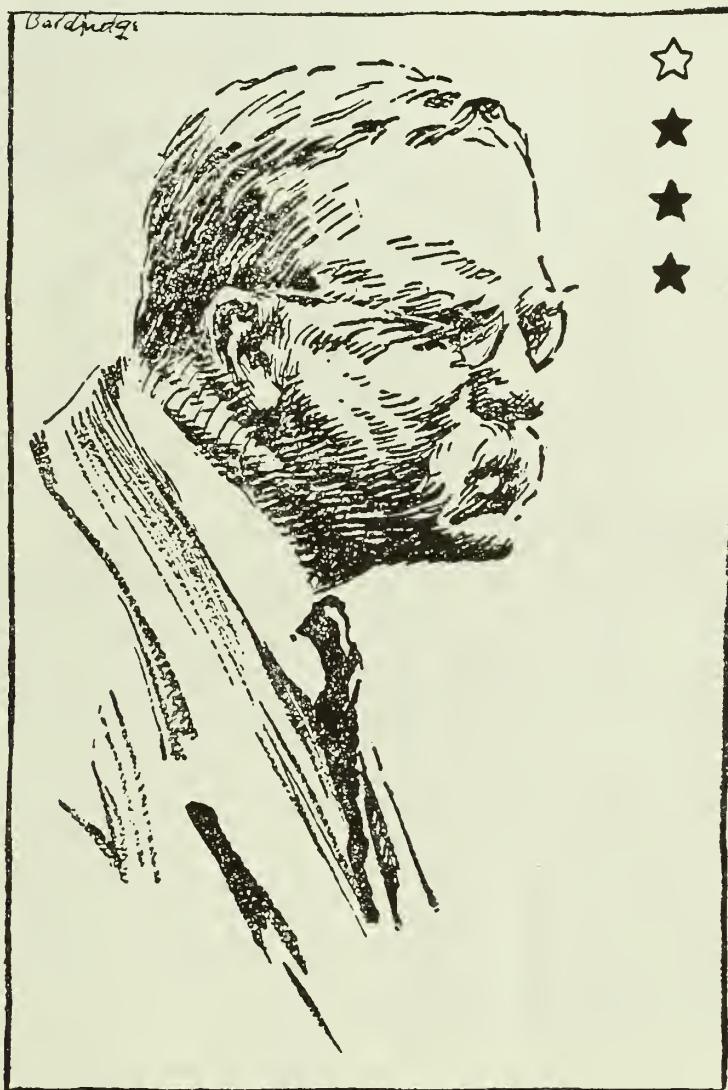
The Story of the ROOSEVELT DIVISION

By J. G. Harbord
Major General, U.S.A., Retired

TO THE middle-aged American Legion of 1934, who in their eager twenties came home from the war to an America which seemed strangely empty without him, the first President Roosevelt has become almost a legendary figure. His own contemporaries, the generation for which he played such gallant and all-pervading part, were with few exceptions already vanquished by Anno Domini when America reached the Western Front. Except in the higher grades of the regular establishment very few of them wore the uniform in 1917-18. Fifteen years have passed since that January night when the intrepid and joyous soul of the Colonel of the Rough Riders took the Long, Long Trail. No great number of our Legion ever saw that virile and vigorous figure or heard that compelling voice. New names, new nations, new loves and new laws have crowded into the interval between the day in which Theodore Roosevelt earned his fame, and the one in which history will award him his permanent place in our pantheon of greatest Americans.

Not many of our Legion realize that it had a predecessor largely organized through the interest and support of Theodore Roosevelt, and from which it undoubtedly inherited the name it bears. It was a voluntary organization brought together in New York and neighboring States in 1914-16. In it each man who was capable of rendering some military service in war without military training, pledged himself to respond to the call of

was invaded, would have been very different than it was, he has left no doubt. Its neutrality between August of 1914 and the sinking of the *Lusitania* might have been official, but there would have been no straining for a neutrality of "mind and heart." What would have happened when the *Lusitania* went down is conjecture based upon the difference between a man "too proud to



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

From the drawing by Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge which appeared in *The Stars and Stripes*, the official newspaper of the A. E. F., January 10, 1919, four days after his death

the Government in event of war, in that position for which he was best fitted. These men were examined and classified according to qualifications, and all the machinery was prepared for prompt mobilization. There were over thirty thousand men on the rolls, and the organization cost much work and many thousands of dollars. That American Legion became the Lost Legion, for when its services were offered to the War Department they were declined. Yet within a few months the great cantonments were being combed for just that kind of men, already urgently needed. That was not only an earlier American Legion, but it was the direct predecessor of the Roosevelt Division, that Dream Division around which clustered many hopes, but for which no trumpet ever sounded.

The genesis of the Roosevelt Division and the exact date at which it germinated in his active brain are difficult to fix exactly. The Colonel was in active editorial and literary life when the war began in 1914. That the attitude of the United States, if he had been President when Belgium

fight," and one who never failed to fight for a just cause when it needed his mind or body. After the lapse of eighteen years one cannot with exactitude quote conversations, but there is nothing to make me doubt that the Colonel believed that just and sufficient cause for war was given when the *Lusitania* disappeared beneath the waves, and that the United States should then have gone in on the side of the Allies—if indeed she had preserved her neutrality up to that time. From the very beginning his experienced vision foresaw the day when America would be drawn into the conflict, and he had urged preparedness with all his great power of pen and persuasion.

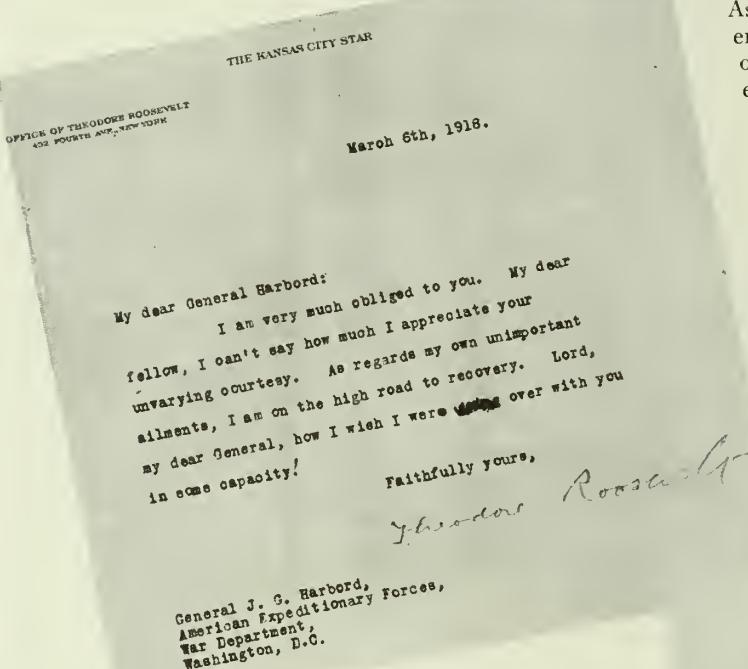
In the White House about 1906 the President had drawn around him an exceptional group of fine young officers: Fitzhugh Lee, Frank R. McCoy, Guy V. Henry, Phil Sheridan, Douglas MacArthur, Ulysses Grant and Bob Van Horn. They were mostly cavalrymen, but the Colonel's own experience had been in that arm. That branch of the service

telling him that his father was very low in his mind, and asked him to come out and help cheer him up.

When Johnston arrived at Oyster Bay he found the Colonel pacing the floor, evidently in one of his recurring attacks of fever. He talked about the war, the failure of our country to go in, and his unavailing efforts to influence the administration. He mentioned to Johnston how much he desired a part in it, and the latter, to divert his mind, made the suggestion from which appears to have sprung the first mention of the Roosevelt Division. Johnston told him it was possible he might yet get a chance to go, and suggested it might be wise to take some preliminary steps in reference to an organization and the selection of officers. Johnston in later years has written that he intended nothing more than to offer a diverting suggestion, without any idea that anything would develop from it. But the Colonel was terribly in earnest and what was suggested more or less to divert an ill man became an historic incident.

The Colonel seized the suggestion immediately and with intense interest at once began making up a list of names. As he recalled old friends and comrades, his interest and enthusiasm increased. He at once decided upon a division of cavalry, which in his characteristic manner became enlarged to include many other units. The Division began to assume army proportions and the list of names grew longer and longer. He asked Johnston to come back the next day and bring him the Tables of Organization which would show the number, rank and grade of officers, and various other organizational details. Johnston did so, and it was thus that the Roosevelt Division was begun.

In his discussions with Captain Johnston the Colonel had mentioned a number of officers, among them myself, but he remarked that he had never met Major Harbord. He was planning then to go to San Francisco, where I was stationed, and Johnston reminded him of that and suggested that he might look me up. Johnston followed this with a note to me that the Colonel desired to see me, but without mentioning the purpose. Colonel Roosevelt



Anguish and a yearning for
what might have been, but of
criticism not a word

had been his first love. One close friend who had belonged to an earlier White House group was now absent in the Philippines, where he was desperately wounded at Bud Dajo in 1906. This officer, then a trooper in the Rough Riders, had been his mounted orderly and riding companion at Montauk Point in the period between the arrival of the First Volunteer Cavalry from Santiago in 1898, and the Colonel's return to civil life. This was Gordon Johnston, who after his return from the Orient became a captain, and came in 1914 to New York City as aide-de-camp to Major General Leonard Wood, then commanding at Governors Island. The Colonel's affection for Johnston had not diminished through his long absence. In the years preceding our entrance into the war Johnston often sat in at the frequent discussions between General Wood and Colonel Roosevelt over what was happening on the Western Front.

Colonel Roosevelt was still in the ripened prime of his years when he died in 1919, but he had lived without sparing himself and had drawn heavily on his credits of vitality. His South American explorations following the time spent in Africa, and the strain and worry of the losing political campaign of 1912, during which he had been severely wounded by an assassin, had much broken his health, and had somewhat clouded his old-time optimism. Under these circumstances one day in January, 1915, young T. R. telephoned to Captain Johnston at Governors Island,

METROPOLITAN
432 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK

Office of
Theodore Roosevelt

January 3, 1918.

My dear General Harbord:
It was awfully good of you to send
me the card. I congratulate you with all my heart.
on what you are doing. I would give anything if I
had one of the brigades that you are now ~~understanding~~
with heartiest greetings,
Faithfully yours,

Theodore Roosevelt
Brig. General James C. Harbord,
Chief of Staff,
American Expeditionary Forces,
France.

also wrote me a note that he wished to see me when he should come out to visit the Panama-Pacific Exposition where I was on duty with my Squadron of the 1st Cavalry.

He arrived in July, 1915, and my Squadron was detailed to escort him from the St. Francis Hotel to the Fair grounds. The next day I took my officers to call on him. He received us in that manner in which Theodore Roosevelt better than any other man



Secretary Baker pulling the first pellet out of the bowl calling to service the first man in each draft district of the nation

of our time knew how to win soldier hearts. Having in mind the note he had sent me I dismissed my officers at the end of our call and waited to hear what he had to say.

It was only a short time after the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and the Colonel's heart was full of it. He felt certain that the United States would be drawn into the war and hoped to be permitted to raise a Division. As he outlined his idea while we talked, it was evident that his mind ran to a unit more like an independent Corps of Cavalry, Infantry, Artillery and Engineers, than the Divisions America later sent to the World War. He was thinking of three brigades of infantry, one each of cavalry and field artillery, and a regiment of engineers, with the usual staff and services. At times during the conversation he referred to it as a Cavalry Division. He said he intended to ask for Frank R. McCoy as Chief of Staff. He spoke of Henry T. Allen, Robert L. Howze, Admiral Cameron Winslow and myself as Brigade Commanders; and of Dan Moore for the Artillery Brigade. Gordon Johnston, John C. Greenway and Ben Dibblee were mentioned as in mind for Colonels. When I ventured to inquire if he thought President Wilson would permit him to raise the Division, he replied, as he was later to say to the President in person, that if permitted to raise the Division he would pledge himself never to oppose the President politically in any way whatsoever. Further, that if the President were unwilling to send him in command, he would willingly go as second, or in any other position. He believed then, and continued to believe that it would mean more to the Allies than anything else in the world to have such an American organization on the fighting line in France as soon as possible.

I saw him several times during his visit. He came out to the Presidio where my Squadron was quartered, and made a most stirring patriotic address to a Training Camp which I was conducting there, imitating as nearly as I could what General Wood was doing at Plattsburg. When he left San Francisco to return to Oyster Bay he invited me to call on him if I came East that autumn on leave of absence as I expected to do. When I reached New York in November the Colonel invited me to luncheon at the old Hotel Marquis in 31st Street, and assembled for the occasion Frank H. Simonds, James B. Connolly and several other writers. The discussion of his Division was resumed after the other guests left. When we parted I saw him no more until a year later when

I was a student at the Army War College. In the meantime my regiment had been ordered to the border after Villa's Columbus raid, and I had spent many months in Arizona. There I met and formed a friendship with John C. Greenway, one of the finest men I ever knew—a friendship that rejoiced in Greenway's gallant service in France two years later, and was to endure until his untimely death after the World War. Twice during the winter of 1916-17 I came over to New York from the War College and met the Colonel at the Harvard Club and talked over Division plans with him. On one of these occasions there were also present Messrs. Fairchild, Burnham, McCabe and Marvin. At one time the Colonel felt so discouraged by the attitude of the War Department, that he contemplated raising an American Division in Canada.

In a letter to the Secretary of War dated February 2, 1917, Colonel Roosevelt refers to an application already on file for permission to raise a Division of Infantry. He was on the eve of sailing for Jamaica when the German note came out regarding unrestrained submarine warfare. He stated that if the Secretary believed that there was to be war and an immediate call for volunteers, he would abandon his trip. Otherwise, he would sail, but requested if it became certain that there would be war and volunteers that he be cabled and he would return at once. The Secretary of War replied in three sentences, one of which said that no situation had arisen which would justify him in suggesting a postponement of the Colonel's proposed trip. This was the beginning of a correspondence that was to terminate only with Secretary Baker's final reiteration on May 11, 1917, of a negative to the Colonel's request.

THREE were six letters written to the Secretary by the Colonel after the one on February 2d. Some of them were very long. No man ever pleaded more earnestly to be allowed to go to war. Every argument that could be advanced in favor of the volunteer method of raising troops for war was urged by its commander for the Roosevelt Division. He had no quarrel with the obligatory service plan, and favored it as a permanent military policy for the United States, but believed that it required at least

two years to produce first-class results. It was, he urged, folly not to provide for volunteering for the action that ought to be taken during those two years. The vices of the volunteer system lie not in the men who volunteer but in those who do not. The chief merit of the obligatory method lies in its securing preparation in advance. By not adopting that system as soon as the war began in 1914 he felt we had forfeited the prime benefit of preparedness. He pointed out that his Division would bring men that the draft would

Leonard Wood was an early consultant in the plans for the Roosevelt Division. It was his aide, Gordon Johnston, who first broached the idea for such an organization to Colonel Roosevelt

not catch. The Colonel's list of names for the Division was a very long one. Its roster included the names of men from every part of the United States.

The Colonel sought at least one man of the type he desired from each State in the Union. In the correspondence between





The ranking seven of the Roosevelt Division in its earliest paper stages. They are, from left to right, with their pre-war ranks, Captain Frank R. McCoy, the proposed chief of staff; Captain George Van Horn Moseley, chief of staff in case McCoy were not available; for brigade commanders, Lieutenant Colonel Henry T. Allen, Major Robert L. Howze, Major Harbord (center of opposite page), Rear Admiral Cameron Winslow; for surgeon, Lieutenant Col. Henry Page

Colonel Roosevelt and Secretary of War Baker the following men are listed for the principal posts in the proposed Roosevelt Division:

For Chief of Staff

*Captain Frank R. McCoy, U. S. Cavalry.
Captain George Van Horn Moseley, U. S. Cavalry,
in case McCoy not available.

For Brigade Commanders

Lieutenant Colonel Henry T. Allen, U. S. Cavalry.
Major Robert L. Howze, U. S. Cavalry.
Major James G. Harbord, U. S. Cavalry.
Rear Admiral Cameron Winslow, U. S. Navy.

For Surgeon

Lieut. Colonel Henry Page, Medical Corps.

Colonels of Regiments

John C. Greenway, of Arizona.
John C. Groome, of Pennsylvania.
Milton J. Foreman, of Illinois.
Roger Williams, of Kentucky.
Captain Frank R. McCoy, U. S. Cavalry.
Captain Fitzhugh Lee, U. S. Cavalry.
Major Edgar T. Collins, U. S. Infantry.
Captain Philip H. Sheridan, U. S. Cavalry.
Captain George Van Horn Moseley, U. S. Cavalry.
Captain Gordon Johnston, U. S. Cavalry.
Captain James E. Shelley, U. S. Cavalry.
Major Hugh D. Wise, U. S. Infantry.
Captain Cortlandt Parker, U. S. Field Artillery.
Major Frank Parker, U. S. Cavalry.
Captain William R. Smedberg, U. S. Cavalry.
Captain George R. Goethals, U. S. Corps of Engineers.
Captain John G. Quackenbush, U. S. Infantry.
Captain Joseph A. Baer, U. S. Cavalry.
Captain Roger S. Fitch, U. S. Cavalry.
Major Lincoln C. Andrews, U. S. Cavalry.

For Brigade adjutants, Colonel Roosevelt nominated First Lieutenant Thomas J. J. Christian, U. S. Cavalry, Captain Jonathan M. Wainwright, U. S. Cavalry, Captain Adna R. Chaffee, U. S. Cavalry.

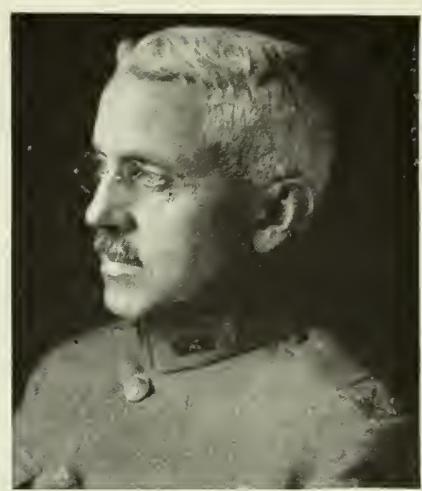
THE men that a call from him would secure would constitute the very elite of our manpower. In a frank way he cited as evidence of his personal fitness for the task he sought, his experience in command of a regiment and brigade in the campaign of Santiago; and his more than seven years as Commander-in-Chief of all the armed forces of the United States. He winced at being rejected for lack of military training and experience while the War Department was summoning to the field "numbers of militia officers as division and brigade commanders who have not had one tenth my experience." This was in drawing a comparison between his Division as he would raise it, and the National Guard in which he appears to have then lacked faith as a dependence for war.

He stated finally his entire willingness to go in any position, even as a second lieutenant if his age were not considered to be

SAGAMORE HILL June 28th, 1915
Dear Major Harbord,
I much
wish to see you while
I am in San Francisco.
I hope I may have
the pleasure. Please meet
this note if there is any
difficulty in getting access
to me. Sincerely yours
Grover Cleveland Roosevelt

Harbord's passport to Colonel Roosevelt, in the secret negotiations for raising the Roosevelt Division, nearly two years before we entered the war. The Major had no idea why the Colonel wished to see him

*These officers are herein given the rank and arm shown in the Army Register of 1916. They are shown in the order in which reference is made to them by Colonel Roosevelt in his book, where they are named together. Some of them are named separately more than once.



a bar. While discussing his age and physical condition he pointed out that Von Hindenburg probably could not pass a physical examination.

For all time the Colonel's desperate plea will constitute the classic argument for the volunteer system. He urged it with all the force of his tremendous personality. No one can read his pleading but manly letters sixteen years after they were written without comprehension of his agony of soul at being denied the final opportunity to serve his country in uniform. In view of our experience with the draft in the World War it is not likely that such a plea will ever again be made by an American soldier or statesman.

In his correspondence with Secretary Baker, after April 17, 1917, Colonel Roosevelt was undoubtedly aware of the probability that legislation would be adopted by Congress authorizing a force of volunteers. In fact, in his letter of May 8th he had referred to the Harding Amendment. He had perhaps counted on the approval by President Wilson of that legislation involved as it would be with other matters affecting the Army and he still had the recourse of an appeal to the President against the decision of the Secretary of War.

On April 11th Representative Augustus P. Gardner, of Massachusetts called on me at the War College and said Colonel Roosevelt, who was in Washington that day, had sent him to me. He had been Adjutant to General James H. Wilson in the Spanish-American War and desired to go with the Roosevelt Division in a similar capacity. The Selective Draft plan prepared by the War Department General Staff had been received by Congress but not yet incorporated in a bill. Congressman Gardner was so well known as a friend of Colonel Roosevelt that he thought it would be wise if some one less apt to be considered as personally interested in the legislation should propose the volunteer plan. He decided, after telephoning to Colonel Roosevelt, to ask Congressman Caldwell of Long Island to introduce it as an amendment to the War Department draft. We thought it should authorize four divisions, or roughly a hundred thousand men, which might include the division we hoped to see raised.

Representative Gardner dictated the essential paragraphs of such a law and I copied his dictation on the field typewriter that I used in my War College map problems and later took to France. He had driven down from the Capitol in his little electric runabout, and with our draft agreed upon for legislation he drove me late that afternoon to my home in Jefferson Place. Some days later I had a letter from the Colonel saying that Gardner was to

be Adjutant of the Brigade I was to command. I telephoned my satisfaction to Mr. Gardner, and he said it looked "like a National Guard Division for T. R." Events moved rapidly for me during the next few weeks and I never saw Gardner again. He died in service a few months later, having accepted a commission in the staff when the Roosevelt Division failed to receive executive sanction.

The legislative strategy contemplated by Congressman Gardner was not followed, however. The proposal to authorize the President to call for voluntary enlistment of four infantry divisions was introduced in the Senate on April 23d by Senator Harding of Ohio as an amendment to Senate Bill 1871, which authorized the temporary increase of the military establishment of the United States, and was introduced by Senator Chamberlain, of Oregon, Chairman of the Senate Military Committee, on April 17th. The Harding amendment carried the Colonel's idea that his Division should not include men that would be caught by the draft, by providing that there should be included in the proposed volunteer force no men liable to the draft under the other provisions of the act.

The discussion opened by Senator Kirby of Arkansas asking whether there was any more reason why a man should be permitted to raise a volunteer army than that a State should be permitted to raise one. Senator Harding replied that Theodore Roosevelt was one of two living ex-Presidents and the only one who had seen actual military service. From this point on, the discussion centered in large part around that great name. Many

Senators participated, among them Senator Hiram Johnson of California, who said the plan was "designed to permit the foremost American citizen in private life to raise a division and be part of a division of American troops to go on the fighting line in France." The vote on the Roosevelt Amendment, as it had come to be called, was 36 Republicans and 20 Democrats for it, and four Republicans and 27 Democrats against it. The final Senate vote on April 28th, on the whole bill including the Harding Amendment was 81 yeas, nine nays, with seven Senators not voting.

Meantime, on April 19th, Congressman Dent of Alabama introduced a House bill to increase the Army. On April 26th, Representative Kahn of California offered an amendment to the Dent Bill authorizing a call for 500,000 volunteers. The legislation underwent various parliamentary changes, in both Senate and House; conferees agreeing on a bill including the Harding Amendment, which was adopted by both Houses, being sent to the President on May 18th and approved (Continued on page 40)



Major (later Major General) James G. Harbord, Pershing's first chief of staff, who commanded the Marine Brigade at Belleau Wood and the Second Division at Soissons, and then became chief of the S. O. S.

THICKER than

Synopsis of Part One

CAPTAIN WALL, American M. P., stopped at St. Astier the day before his return home from France in 1919, to call on the Countess de Picotin. In the village inn he saw Corporal Healy, D.C.I., who claimed to be on furlough. At the chateau, the countess' other guests were Olivier, a French ace minus an arm, whom Wall did not like; Samson, a prominent senator, whose wig and four gold teeth gave him an odd appearance; and Façon, an untidy porcelain collector trying to buy the Picotin collection.

There were many stories about the countess, who once was a famous dancer, among them the tale that she had blackmailed the old count, now dead, into marrying her. Her fortune was reduced now to the small chateau and the porcelains. At dinner Façon offered her 200,000 francs for her finest piece, a square bottle once a gift to the King of Spain. She refused. The guests retired at midnight, but were awakened at three o'clock by a shot, which sounded outdoors. They found the countess murdered in the round tower on the lower floor.

Captain Wall brought Corporal Healy from the village inn and Ravale, a gendarme, to investigate. As they arrived at the chateau, the other guests demanded that Wall show them his revolver. But it had disappeared from his bedroom.

It was established, first, that someone within the chateau had committed the murder. Next, Healy found Hortense, the maid, trying to wipe a bloodstain from the floor in the doorway to the dining hall. Near it, he picked up a fragment of broken wineglass. Aside from the guests and the maid, the only other person in the building was Bertrand, the houseman, a fellow with tricky eyes, who this morning was wearing a narrow bandage around his hand.

The girl's jaw was swollen; she admitted that toothache had kept her awake all that night and that at two o'clock, an hour before the shot, she heard a door slam violently. Façon and Wall also had heard it. Healy questioned the maid sharply. She broke down at last, admitting: "I tell everything. I saw the murderer . . . as close as I am to you."

PART TWO (Conclusion)

"YOU saw the murderer?" Corporal Healy demanded.

The servant girl cowered before him. The Frenchmen in the room all had stepped forward. Only Captain Wall stood motionless.

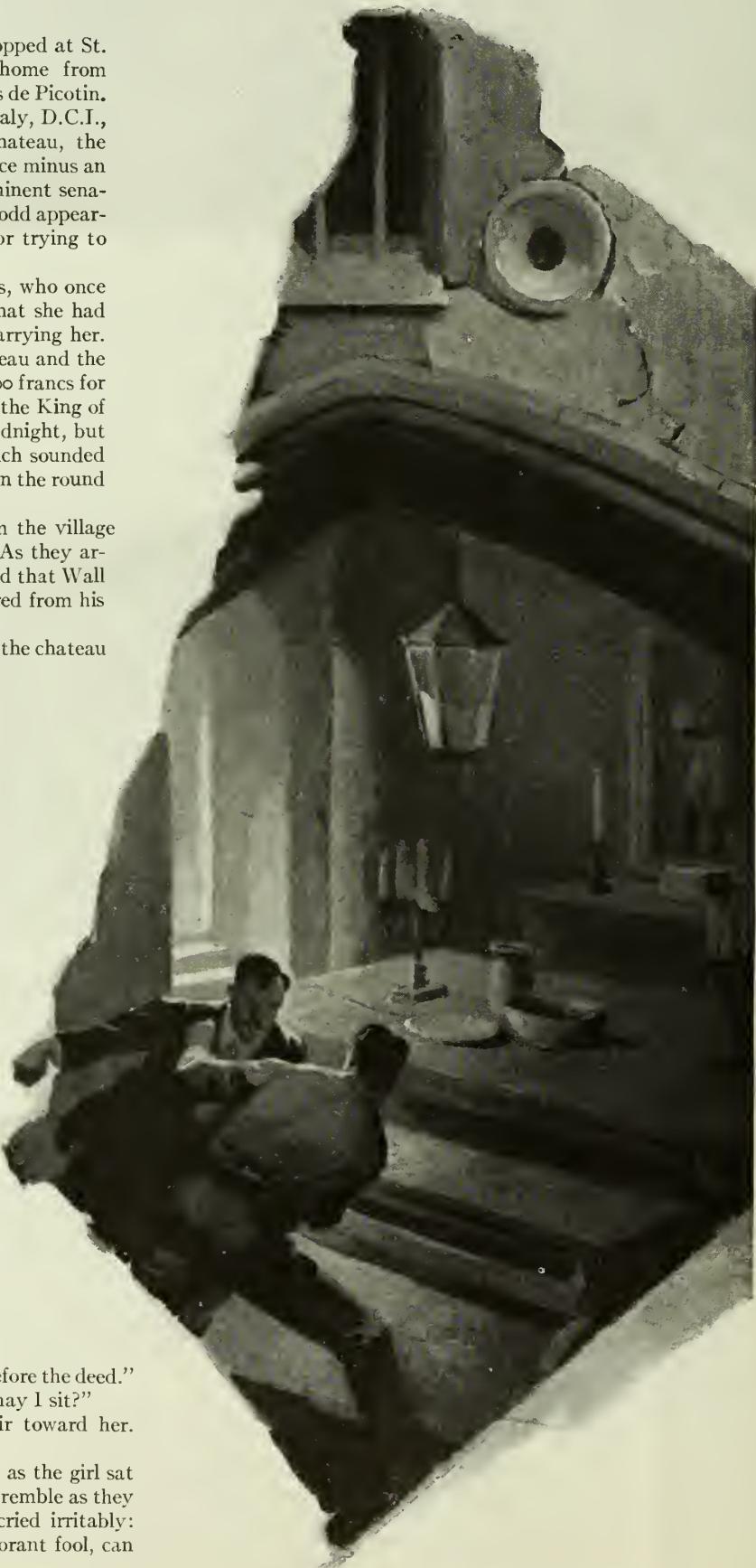
"When?" Healy insisted.

"At two o'clock," the girl answered, "one hour before the deed." She swayed against Bertrand. "Please, m'sieur, may I sit?"

"Sure thing," Healy said. He pushed a chair toward her. "And tell us all about it."

Wall took opportunity to light a fresh cigarette as the girl sat down. Healy, watching his fingers, noticed them tremble as they held the match. The girl sobbed, and Samson cried irritably:

"Speak! Come, tell us! But with such an ignorant fool, can we trust ourselves to believe her?"



WATER

By KARL W.
DETZER



"Then in the dining room two men are fighting . . . or three men . . . I do not know"

The girl looked at him unresentfully.

"My tooth was most agonizing," she said. "Some minutes after one o'clock I arise. There is a small carafe of brandy in the pantry for flavoring. I think if I hold the brandy in my mouth . . ."

"Brandy increases toothache," Façon interrupted testily.

"Please, I did not know that." She turned more directly to Healy. "I descend the servants' stair quietly, m'sieur. As I

arrive at the pantry, I hear some sound in the front of the house. I think perhaps madame and her friends still are about . . . perhaps . . . please, I do not remember what I thought. There is no light in the kitchen wing at that time, m'sieurs. I walk in the dark and open the door to the dining hall from the pantry . . . thus . . . quietly . . ."

Healy glanced at the faces of the others. Wall was sweating, damp streaks running down his ruddy face, cigarette hanging limp in the corner of his mouth. Façon, with half-shut lids, had tipped his head to a sharp angle, as if to hear better. Samson's wig, slightly awry, made his face seem pale, but printed upon it was disbelief, plain for anyone to read. Olivier's single hand fiddled with his belt buckle and he tapped the toe of his high boot against the floor.

"I can see the light in the trophy room," the girl continued, "and I am able to hear a man's voice."

"What man?" Wall fairly shouted.

"M'sieurs, I could hear no word, just the voice. Not loud. Very low and angry . . . buzz . . . like a bee."

"And then?" Samson demanded.

"And then madame the countess. She laughs. Quietly, you understand. She has a laugh for occasions. If . . ."

Healy interrupted: "You know her pretty well, sister, for working here only a week."

She became pleading. "Ah, m'sieur, forgive me. That is true, what I say to you a few minutes ago. I work here only a week now, but before that, I am here long years. I am gone six months only . . ."

"I compree," Healy said, and grinned at her. "Go on. You know her, all right. The countess has a laugh."

"For occasions," she repeated. "If a servant breaks a dish, if the grape harvest is poor, if some man wishes to marry her . . . m'sieurs, we servants are not deaf. I hear that laugh before. It is a laugh with a most particular meaning. Trouble always follows it."

"Did she say anything?"

"Yes, yes. I hear her say: 'Where will your grand reputation be tomorrow night if at breakfast I tell what I know?'"

"Your what?" Healy demanded.

"Your grand reputation." That is it, precisely."

"You hear nothing else?" Olivier asked skeptically as the girl paused.

"But yes. She says this: 'Oh, I am sure. Just today, sitting in my room by my window awaiting my guests, I read the letter again. A very interesting story, too. The facts are . . . shall I repeat the facts, m'sieur?' That is what she say."

The girl looked with miserable eyes around the group.

"What facts?" Olivier insisted.

"How do I know? I return rapidly to the pantry. I do not listen further. I take the brandy and am starting up the stair once more when I hear the countess again. I think she is calling me. I wait a moment, then turn back. At the same instant . . . how can I say it? . . . I feel, not see, not hear . . . I plainly feel that someone is in the pantry below. I remain very still three steps from the bottom. I am standing, so, when the clock in the kitchen strikes two."



"My brigadier," Samson said to Ravale, "your duty is obvious. This assassin must be restrained"

Wall cleared his throat violently, and Samson turned toward him, startled.

"Then I hear the door slam," the girl continued. "The main door of the castle, I think from the sound. So, I decide, the countess has finally dismissed this man, whoever he is. I descend the three steps. But still I am afraid. Still I have that feeling, someone is in the pantry. Then in the dining room . . . pff . . . so quick . . . two men are fighting . . . or three men . . . I do not know. I hear the blows. I hear them breathe. As fast as I can I rush to my bed and place my head beneath the quilts and pray. That is all, m'sieurs."

She halted, and hid her face again, as if trying to shut out the terror of her memory.

"Fighting?" Healy repeated. He fingered the fragment of glass in his pocket.

"Like tigers, m'sieur." Hortense wiped her eyes on her apron. "H'mm," Healy said. "Two babies fighting like tigers . . ."

"No, no, not babies, m'sieur! Big men. Big like the captain."

"Ah!" Samson exclaimed, his tone purring with satisfaction. His lower lip drooped, exposing his four gold teeth.

"Don't ah me!" Wall thundered. The wa'mth had fled his voice; it was as cold now as his eyes. The limp cigarette dropped from the corner of his mouth and he let it lie, smoking unnoticed, on the stone floor.

Olivier repeated: "Big men, you say, my Hortense? Then let us face the truth. Which among us fits this description like a stocking?"

Samson turned his moon face under its black wig and peered full at Wall; Façon, less bold, glanced guardedly. Only Brigadier Ravale, unable to follow the quick shifts from French to English and back to French, looked at them all, more anxious than ever if that could be, and in that anxiety curled the ends of his mustaches on his thumbs. But before Wall could answer, Healy had challenged Olivier.

"You let me ask the questions, big boy. Seems to me you home-town boys are sticking pretty tight together in this deal. If you're so hot for the truth, why don't you ask this guy what happened to him?" He swung on Bertrand, repeating in French: "How'd you hurt yourself?"

"This you mean?" the man responded. He extended, readily enough, his right hand with its narrow white bandage. "From a wine glass, m'sieur. Last evening I broke it. Very carelessly I dropped it."

"Where?"

"In the kitchen, m'sieur." The man blinked his tricky eyes. "Why do you look so?" he asked. "I can show you the pieces."

"Good enough," Healy agreed, "get them."

Bertrand departed willingly. In a moment he returned with portions of a shattered wine glass. While the others watched silently, he offered them to Healy. The corporal searched quickly among the pieces. Finally, discovering two that suited him, he took from his pocket the carved edge of glass which he had found on the floor. Holding it in his left hand, the other two fragments in his right, he brought them together. The edges fitted snugly.

"You broke it, all right," Healy said, "only not in the kitchen. You was fighting . . . over there in that doorway." He crossed quickly to the entrance to the dining hall and stooped down again beside the blood stains on the floor. "See? Right here."

The servant backed away quickly. Wall caught him.

"It was you, was it?" the captain demanded furiously.

"Oh, m'sieurs!" Bertrand shouted. "I did not kill madame! By the blessed calendar, I did not! I tell everything!"

"Tell it quiet," Healy ordered. "We ain't deaf."

The man began rapidly. "Last night at dinner, m'sieurs, I had no hunger." Then he faltered.

"Go on," the corporal bade.

"But by midnight I could not find sleep. The hunger, it was gnawing at my middle. Some cold fowl and a glass of good wine I required. So I arose. My chamber is on the ground floor, you understand. The wine was on the serving table in the dining hall."

"Madame does not furnish service wine?" Samson inquired stiffly.

The man shrugged. "Yes, fit for the pig," he responded. "I have a taste, m'sieurs, I come from Bergerac. As I enter the pantry with the wine glass in my hand, one, two, three things occur."

He held up his fingers. "The kitchen clock strikes two, as she says." He coughed and looked at Hortense. "And at the moment I think I hear someone on the pantry stair. It is she, I know now, but at that time, you understand, I did not know that. I halt. Then I hear no more and proceed to the dining hall. As I do so, I, too, hear the door slam."

"Where was you then?" Healy asked.

"Entering the dining hall from the pantry, m'sieur. From there I, too, see the light shining dimly from the trophy room. I tell myself, 'Madame still entertains, move quietly, Bertrand.'"

"Why?" Wall demanded.

"Because madame is most uncharitable about her wine," Bertrand replied. "I turn toward the side table, I search the bottle in the dark and as I do so, I again hear someone stirring. This time right behind me. I turn quickly, thus." He whirled about. "I have not yet opened the bottle when I see this creature leaping toward me. I set it down and rush to escape. I do not wish someone shall discover me drinking the wine madame has for her guests. But he overtakes me. I fight, m'sieurs. I strike him with the glass and it breaks. It leaves the long stem in my hand. I strike again, again, most ferociously, with the broken stem at the assailant's head."

"Hit him on the head with the broken glass?" Healy repeated. "H'mm. That's a funny one!" Again he bent and studied the blood spots on the floor. "Why don't you holler, wake up all these folks?"

The man cried defensively: "How dare I? As I say, madame is most uncharitable."

Healy, nodding, looked again at the narrow bandage on the fellow's hand. One small gash, alone, could not cause all these spatters of blood on the floor. The other man, whoever he was, must have been badly cut. But where was the countess while this was going on? Sitting in the gun room, smoking her cigar and waiting quietly to be murdered?

"Sounds like a bucket of fish to me," he said. "The maid's got a toothache and the man a thirst and they run around in their shirt tails till in romps the murderer."

Olivier cried: "You doubt this honest boy? How can you? There are the facts. The servants explain themselves, what of the rest of us? Where are we, while this large murderer attacks poor Frenchmen in the darkness? For me, I was in bed!"

"That's your story," Wall interrupted.

Olivier laughed.

"And your story, if I may say so, m'sieur, still does not explain why you bring two pistols here. Do you not know the war is finished? We are not boche. I repeat, where is your heavier weapon?"

"You leave me handle this," Healy ordered again. He turned to Captain Wall. "Was your bedroom door locked last night, sir?"

"After I went to bed, yes. Before that, no."

Façon shivered audibly. The girl, Hortense, went sobbing into the dining hall.

"My brigadier," Samson said to Ravale, "your duty is obvious. This assassin must be restrained. The castle doors were locked inside, therefore he is one of us. Look about. Which is the largest man here? Which has brought two weapons into this house and conceals one of them? Which is a wild stranger from a savage land?"

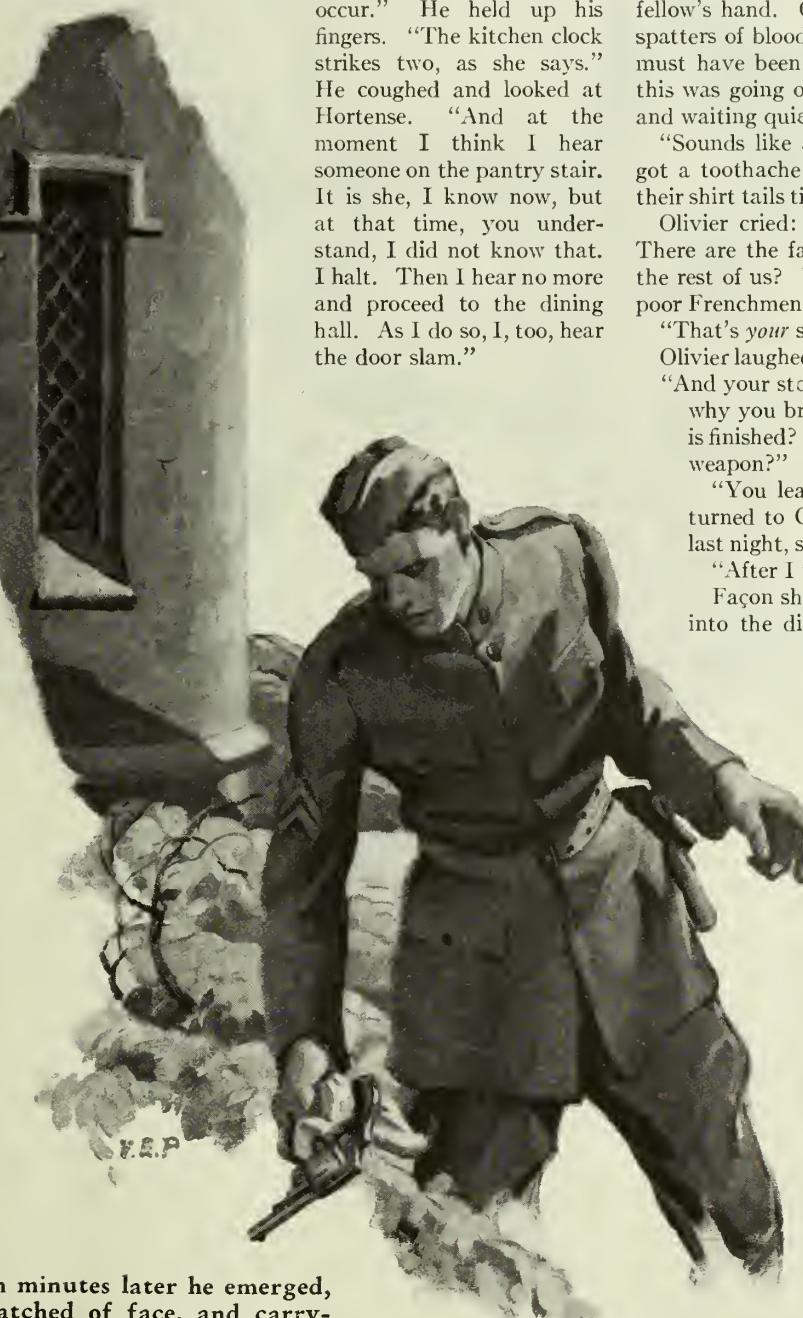
"You wish me to arrest m'sieur the American captain?" the gendarme faltered. His expression was more perplexed than ever. "If you insist, m'sieur. But first my *procès verbal*, your statements in the proper form. After that . . ." he shrugged uneasily.

"Atta boy," Healy said, "get out the old ink bottle. Meantime, sir," he turned toward Captain Wall.

"The brave fellow has retreated," Olivier remarked.

Healy, glancing in the direction Olivier pointed, saw that Wall had gone into the dining hall while Samson and the gendarme talked. He was standing now near the sideboard with Hortense the maid, and even the set of his back was angry.

"He's all right (Continued on page 50)



Ten minutes later he emerged, scratched of face, and carrying an American army revolver

As the FARMER GOES,

by
Marquis James

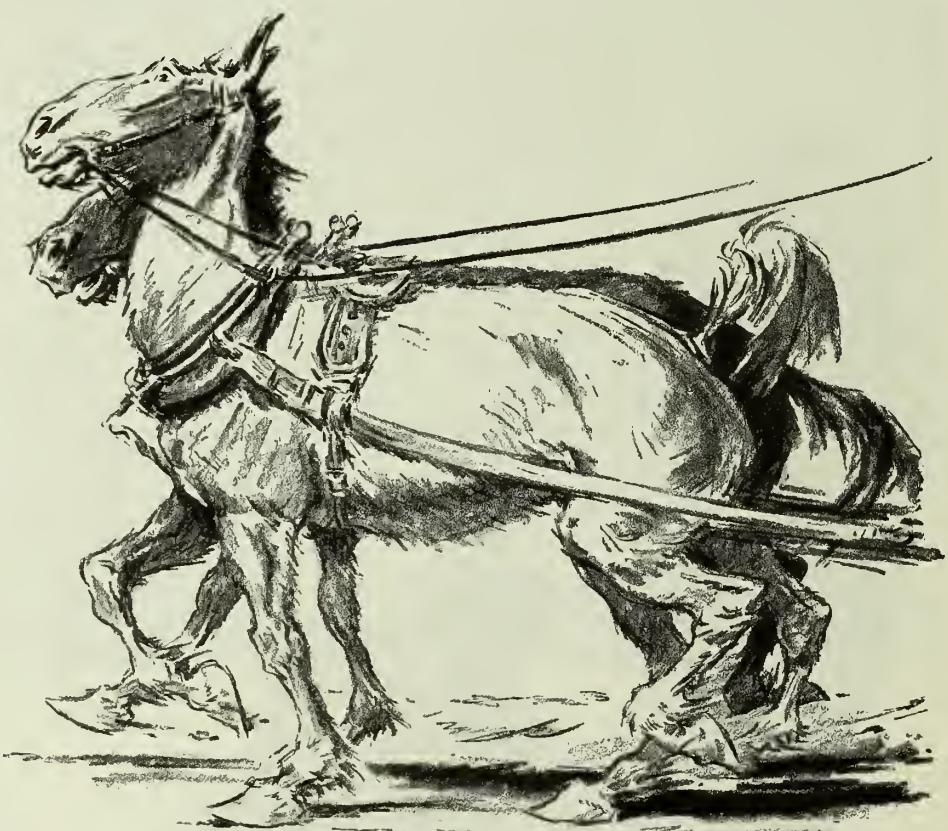
ALREADY we are feeling the effect, the intended effect, of the adjustment of the dollar to a gold standard 40.94 percent lighter in that metal than the old dollar which Mr. Roosevelt pushed off a gold basis in April a year ago; prices are rising. The prices of things grown on farms lead the procession, and this also is according to plan. Some revaluation of the dollar was necessary to the recovery of our economic society as a whole, but the drastic reduction in the gold content was a concession to the plight of the Farm Belt, dictated in part by necessity and in part by expediency. It was expedient in that it hushed, at least for the time being, the clamor for inflation, essentially agrarian in its origin. It was necessary because this depression hit the farmer harder than anyone else, and the prosperity of the farmer in this country has more bearing on the general welfare than the prosperity of any other one class of folk.

When I say that the depression hit the farmer harder than anyone else I am prepared to receive reminders from the cities and mill centers pointing to the bread lines and other exemplifications of terrible urban distress, now happily passing. I will be asked

what rural community, with all its burdens and discouragements, can match such scenes. Though much direct relief to farmers has been necessary the man with a hoe generally is able to grow enough to keep his family from starving, while the unemployed city worker could not either because the land was not available or because he would not know how to crop it if it were. Farmers have been on short rations nevertheless. I looked at city bread lines for three years, and have also had a glance into the households of a few embattled farmers where the regular fare of salt pork and corn bread three times a day for days on end in the winter time would have been rejected by the patrons of the average city soup kitchen.

The line of descent of the industrial worker who lost his job was swift and uncomplicated. As a rule he owned nothing excepting some sticks of furniture and a cheap automobile. He had no resources of credit beyond a few weeks' tick at the grocery. Once separated from the payroll it was a short and straight drop to the relief roll. Not so with the farmer, who represents capital as well as labor. He owns a farm and improvements, mortgaged and well mortgaged though they may be. But he has long-time

WITH the present discussion of the workings James concludes his series of articles on bias and without personal prejudice, Mr. James contemporary America to an ordered picture. Hour," composed entirely of graphic and dra-appeared in The American Legion Monthly dur-



credit at the county-seat bank as well as at the stores, and is accustomed to borrow every spring and square up every fall even in normal times. Thus he can accumulate debts—in my interest as well as his—that do not complicate the picture of the town worker. He can involve half the country on his plodding journey over the road to ruin. His debts run into the billions, and some extraordinary means must be taken to pay them, for my salvation as well as his. Mr. Roosevelt has undertaken to find this means, first, in the devaluation of the dollar which in the end will knock forty percent off of all debts, and, second, in the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, which is doing for agriculture what NRA is doing for industry.

The recovery of the urban industrial employee, once he begins to recover, is swift. He returns to work, gets his pay check on Saturday and turns his back on the trials of the depression. He has comparatively few debts to pay because he had little credit to begin with. His losses have been small because he had so little to lose. So in a few weeks his family is together again living pretty much as they lived before hard times came, taking amusement at the picture show and even scanning the automobile folders.

So Goes AMERICA

of the Agricultural Adjustment Act, Mr. "History Under Our Eyes." Without partisan has sought in this series to reduce the drama of A new book by Mr. James, "They Had Their matic narratives of American history which have ing the past eight years, has just been published

*Cartoon by
John Cassel*



The farmer's descent was slower and his climb back is slower. Debts and taxes take the first real money he has seen in years. His equipment is run down. It is going to be a fairly long pull before he is able to spend the money on himself and his family that the mill worker is spending a few weeks after he rounds the corner.

But the farmer's spirit has changed. The American farmer is a different man from the fellow who a little more than a year ago was surrounding court houses to prevent foreclosures and as recently as last fall got mildly worked up over the proposal of a "general strike."

The goal of the AAA and attendant currency manipulation is to double the farmers' income from what it was in 1932, about the worst year for American agriculture since the Civil War. This means putting \$5,000,000,000 annually into the farmers' pockets. The experiment was launched last spring. The result for the calendar year of 1933 was a gain of about forty percent of the one hundred percent increase set as an objective. Full statistics for 1933 are unavailable at this writing. However, the prices of

crops, including those grown as feed and not sold, but excluding all livestock, were \$4,076,537,000 as against \$2,878,986,000 in 1932.

Another thing this item of the New Deal aims to do is to enlarge the farmers' share of the dollar that your wife spends at the grocer's counter for the products of the farm. In 1929 the farmer received forty-seven cents of this dollar and in 1932 thirty-three cents, which is additional proof that the weight of hard times has not fallen equally upon all. The farmer's cut of the commodity dollar in 1933, taking the yearly average which lumps bad months with good, was thirty-five cents. It is hoped this year to push it up to forty.

More than one thing has been wrong with the agricultural scheme in this land of ours, but the main trouble has been that of late years we have grown more stuff than could be eaten or used. Particularly was this the case with cotton and wheat, our two biggest crops. At the beginning of last year there was on hand in America a surplus of 390,000,000 bushels of wheat, or nearly four times what is normal. This surplus (Continued on page 48)

UP goes the CEILING

By

Lieutenant Commander
T.G.W. Settle, U.S.N.

NEW balloon altitude records, as such, mean very little despite press emphasis on that phase of stratosphere flying. From questions asked me it is apparent that the idea of ascending twelve miles above the earth impresses the layman as a necessarily thrilling adventure. Actually it is no such thing. The average free balloon race presents more hazards and discomforts than a flight into the stratosphere.

Beyond careful preparations in anticipation of the major prob-

lem of supplying oxygen to sustain life, and the possible discomfort of extreme cold, all stratosphere flights made thus far have been undertaken only under ideal weather conditions. Thanks to submarine equipment perfected over a period of many years at no time did we suffer for want of good air to breathe in our upward jaunt of last November. Sailing in the isotherm—the maximum cold above earth in this latitude—the temperature within our sealed gondola never went below forty degrees Fahrenheit; sometimes it was fifty, enabling us to work with bare hands throughout. No squalls or vertical currents troubled us. Our flight was a fair-weather voyage through the skies. Were it not that innumerable tasks of research in various fields of science are involved in stratosphere flying, the experience of the flight alone would be a thoroughly boring one.

The extent and variety of scientific research attending the flight of Major Chester L. Fordney of the Marine Corps and myself really is the complete story of our adventure, and to provide an understandable background to the reader it is necessary to tell something of the limited knowledge now at hand of the atmosphere surrounding the planet which we know as the world, and how that knowledge was gained.

The blanket of air which covers the earth with decreasing density and temperature from sea level upward is known as the troposphere. Its outer limit, or boundary, is called the tropopause, and all of the atmosphere beyond constitutes the stratosphere. One might regard all the atmosphere charged with moisture lying between the tropopause and the surface of the earth as if it were contained in an egg shell. It is not yet clear to science why that blanket of moist air should be elliptical in shape. At the equator the tropopause extends outward from 50,000 to 55,000 feet, in the temperate zone it reaches out some 35,000 feet, and at the poles it is estimated to contract to an altitude of only 15,000 feet.

Before manned balloon flights into high altitudes were achieved, what comparatively meager positive knowledge existed of the upper troposphere and



Commander Settle's balloon being inflated at Soldier Field in Chicago for his first and unsuccessful try at the stratosphere, last August. The second flight, which succeeded, was made from Akron, Ohio, in November



The end of the second flight, in a swamp at Bridgeton, New Jersey. The scientific instruments in the gondola, across the creek from the gas bag, were uninjured

stratosphere had been gained mostly since 1920 by the use of unmanned balloons—sizeable spheres of pure rubber which, rising, expand under increasing internal gas pressure until they

States, and some have reached indicated altitudes of twenty and twenty-one miles above sea level.

The first human flight to investigate personally the character of the stratosphere was made by an American Army officer, the late Captain Hawthorne C. Gray, who in 1928 lost his life when he accidentally severed his oxygen line at an altitude of more than eight miles above the earth. Captain Gray's valuable researches were regarded by the public merely as attempts to establish a new altitude record, but actually the data he secured was challenging.

Shortly after Gray's death, while I was in Washington, the late Rear Admiral William A. Moffett, Chief of the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics, becoming interested in continuing Captain Gray's work, initiated plans for a Navy high-altitude balloon research project. Because of lack of funds the project was not accomplished, but from the study two practicable methods for taking observers safely into high altitudes were evolved. One was an adaptation of the submarine principle—an air-tight hull or gondola. Such a device was first perfected and used by Professor Auguste Piccard, and from his model was designed the gondola employed by Major Fordney and myself. The other practicable method was for the pilot to wear a conventional deep-sea diving suit with oxygen apparatus, utilizing an open balloon basket. An American resident in England and also a Spanish aeronaut have recently projected stratosphere flights using such equipment.

As an attraction for the World's Fair at Chicago a stratosphere flight was planned early in 1933 sponsored by the *Chicago Daily News*, the National Broadcasting Company, the Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation, the Dow Chemical Company and others. Original plans to have the flight undertaken by Professor Piccard and his brother, Doctor Jean Piccard, were altered when the distinguished professor was obliged to hasten back to Belgium. I was then nominated to be the pilot and Jean Piccard later graciously withdrew because obviously a single passenger could reach a higher altitude than two. From June 17th to August 5th I stood by awaiting proper weather (Continued on page 54)

burst, whereupon the scientific gear is returned to earth by parachute.

Research by means of these unmanned balloons has gone forward in Germany, the Scandinavian countries and the United



HERITAGE *of*

By Norah Durland Dennis

ONE recent Sunday afternoon, my two sons came running in from the matinee in a mad rush to tell me all about the show they had just seen.

"Gee, mom, it was a keen show. Lots of soldiers fighting and everything. That news reel was a dandy too, more soldiers marching with their guns on their shoulders. Boy, it was great." My baby boy put in his word, "I'm going to be a soldier when I grow up."

As I stood there listening to their childish outbursts, I was overcome with wrath. Damn the movies with their war pictures and their insidious propaganda! They weren't going to make soldiers out of my sons. I'd show them. All the pent-up bitterness of the past ten years welled up within me. I clenched my fists to keep from striking out at the imaginary foe. I'd show my boys that soldiers weren't heroes; they were fools. I would take them out to the Veterans Hospital where I worked and I would show them the shells of men lying there. I vowed I would tell them the whole story of their father's death and when I got through my

sons would see soldiers, not as the marching heroes of the pictures, as they now imagined them, but as cheated men who had given everything and had only emptiness in return.

Through a mist of tears my thoughts flew back to that day in January, 1919, when a boy of nineteen came home from France. He was the first overseas man to return to his home town and the whole town turned out to greet him. Bands playing; everybody cheering; women clamoring to embrace him; men rushing to shake his hand and children looking up at him in admiration. He was a Hero! Hadn't he gone through the war; fought the big fight; and lived to come home and tell about it. What Glory! As I listened to the cheering, how proud I felt. He was mine.

The scene changed. I saw no hero now, only a broken man making a vain effort to adjust himself to a new world. He didn't make a go of his old job. God knows, he tried, but he just couldn't stand the confinement of a theater operating room. Then followed restless roaming in search of something he could be satisfied doing. With each passing year the restlessness increased



"All the talking I could do failed to reassure him. He insisted he was a deserter"

me in. He opened the door a crack and peeked out. Seeing it was me, he spoke, "Be still, don't make a sound. They are after me." I went in the house and found the children in bed terror-stricken and William crouched in a corner shaking like a leaf. When I finally got his story I found that he had been watched for days and they had finally caught up with him. For a moment I couldn't understand it all. Then his confession. Hadn't he been a deserter from the United States Army all these years? He'd tried to get away but they finally got him. That afternoon the mail-man had brought a box next door that contained a machine which would record his every movement. He knew now why I had gone to work for the Government. I was against him too. When I finally recovered my wits, I sat down with him and told him that he was no deserter. Didn't his discharge say "Honorable" and give reference to his character as "Excellent"? All the talking I could do would not assure him, so I called the hospital and asked for one of the doctors. He talked to me and told me he would send the ambulance to get him. They came at once and I accompanied him to the hospital. That ride will never be forgotten.

Next day I stood in the doctor's office at the hospital and heard that hard boiled old war-horse of an N-P specialist tell me: "Well, Mrs. D, your husband is hopelessly insane. We'll take care of him until such time as he can be committed." With that, he turned to his desk and began the business of filling out his reports on the case. In a daze I answered question after question. I never knew just what I told him that day. I never cared.

After endless questioning, I was allowed to leave. As in a trance, I walked down the long, winding hallway that led to the locked ward. The orderly unlocked the door and told me I could go in. God, such a sight. There he sat on a mattress on the floor, the only article of furniture in the room. I walked over and sat down beside him and tried to comfort him. I don't know how rational he was but he looked so wild-eyed and terror-stricken that I burst into tears. Then he begged me not to let them take him to French Guiana where they took the army deserters. Somewhere in the past we had read an article about such a place.

After a time he quieted down and I left him, to return to my babies who had been left with a kindly neighbor. That night was endless. I lay and watched my sleeping babies and wondered how it would affect their lives. The day that followed was a nightmare. I had to await the untangling of miles of government red-tape before they could decide what they were to do with him. Another endless night and with the dawn came a knock at the door. My nerves on edge I crept to the window and peered out. At the door stood Mr. Brown, one of the hospital guards. I knew he came to bring me bad news. I never spoke; just stood there. As gently as he could he told me that sometime during the night William had taken his own life. A careless orderly had left his clothes on a chair, which had been carried into the room the previous night for me to sit upon, thereby placing the means of self-destruction in his hands. What a death for the hero of only a few short years ago! No glory here! Only the ignominious end meted out to criminals. Was this justice?

The morning papers gave his death a two-line notice on the want-ad page of the paper: "Ex-veteran kills self at government hospital, etc." What a contrast to the pages of tribute on his return
(Continued on page 42)

*Illustration by
J.W. Schlaikjer*

VALOR

and with it a lessening of courage and a weakening of his physical condition. I lived again those years when I had to go out and earn the living in whatever way presented itself—housework, office work, anything, just so I could let him rest a short while. But always, he tried again. He was proud. He didn't want the people to say he was lazy and let his wife go out and earn the living while he loafed. To a stranger he didn't look so bad. He was still a handsome, well-built man. Only his spirit was gone. Finally he entered a Veterans Hospital for examination and treatment. They found only a heart condition. Nothing to worry about. But I knew better.

While he remained in the hospital I took my Civil Service examination and passed. While I was waiting for an appointment we established a home in the town and William came home. Eventually I received a notice to report to the very hospital where he had received treatment. I began work and things looked a little brighter. I remembered those evenings when I returned home from work with hesitancy, wondering if all was well. Vividly I remembered the night when I had stopped down town to get some meat for our supper and had a feeling that I should hurry home. I almost ran the last few blocks and when I reached the house I found the door locked, the blinds down and the place in darkness. I knocked at the door and called to William to let

Men who their duties Know---

THESE constitute

C
by

Frederick C. Painton

a STATE

Sir William Jones

ON THURSDAY, December 28, 1933, the storm was making. Radio warnings ordered all ships to beware. Late in the afternoon dark clouds boiled out of the north and settled thickly over California, and on Friday the gloom of mid-day made artificial lights a necessity. A stiff gale began to whine, and each hour increased its intensity. On Saturday it started to rain.

It rained as if a cloud had burst. A slanting sheet of seemingly solid water that struck pavement and house-top with such force as to rebound and make a bubbling froth. A rain that made objects invisible at two hundred yards; a rain that quickly turned gutters into racing rapids. All day Saturday it rained, and all during the night; and when Sunday dawned, a mere murky twilight, it still rained and there was no sign of abatement.

Storm drain and arroyo, brimming with brown streams, could hold no more; and the torrents, unleashed, swept over the land, roaring through canyon and valley toward the flatlands that bordered the sea. And still it rained; eight inches in twenty-four hours, some said—a record for all time.

Traffic was practically paralyzed. Many cars were trapped in the turgid tide two feet deep that tore across highways. At one point a woman stepped out of a stalled car; her feet were swept out from under her, and she drowned with her husband groping along the roadside for her. In the canyons around and above which Los Angeles County is built, concrete pavements were undermined and collapsed; boulders as big as bathrooms moved like chips, and in the lowlands along the ocean there was water and nothing much else.

Just a brief time before this storm broke, a brush fire had swept the heights above Glendale in a section called Verdugo Hills and destroyed all vegetation. Here, with nothing to check it, the accumulated water of a sudden cloudburst came down with the force of an avalanche. And here it was that disaster struck. Struck on Sunday night, December 31st, a few hours before the old year died.

The storm was at its height about ten o'clock that night as I sat talking with John R. Quinn, Past National Commander, regarding the activities of the California Department of The American Legion. The next day, weather permitting, I intended to fly to San Francisco to look at the records to find out how and why the Department of California had won the James A. Drain Trophy for community betterment six times out of the eight years it had been offered for competition. I was asking John many questions.

The radio was turned on softly, and a crooner at the Biltmore was giving his best to a current song-hit.

Without warning his voice stopped in the middle of a chorus as if he had been seized by the throat and buried. There was perhaps a second of crackling emptiness and then—

“Attention!” a man’s deep, unradio-like voice boomed out of the loud-speaker. We stiffened, listened intently. “Attention, American Legionnaires! This is the chief of Police of Glendale speaking.” He paused as if for emphasis. We waited tensely. Then: “All Legionnaires are requested to report immediately to the post clubhouse in Glendale. Campbell in charge. An emergency has arisen.”

An odd interval of silence followed. Then John Quinn got up and started for his coat and the door.



There are hundreds of these signs in California, thanks to Legion posts. Above, safety standard in Vallejo

Tons of old newspapers came out of cellars and garrets when Legionnaires of Hyland Park Post of San Fernando went foraging, and grateful housewives showed their appreciation by contributing jelly and preserves. Disabled veterans got the benefit. Below, Past National Commander John R. Quinn, still smiling after lending a pair of good hands in the rescue work during the flood at Glendale



"That's the emergency disaster call," he said, "and, boy, I got to step on it!"

Fifty minutes after that imperative summons three hundred Legionnaires were working at the many tasks that disaster creates. Bridges across the Los Angeles River had been weakened by the flood's impact; these had to be guarded. Houses in the flooded area had to be reached and the living borne to safety and the dead removed.

First-aid and supply

sits automatically on the state government's disaster commission (incidentally, originally sponsored and put through by the California Department of the Legion). Under him are five area chairmen. These are in turn responsible for the twenty-four districts whose commanders control the posts under their charge. And I mean control, and no other word applies.

For instance, these leaders must see that within each post is a definite disaster relief group that comprises a riot and rescue section, a liaison group, a transportation section for the removal of the injured; a medical section of physicians and nurses and Auxiliary first-aid units; a supply section to obtain blankets, food, medicine and other necessities. Thus, a post is a company, a district a battalion, an area a regiment, and the Department an army, the units combined and concentrated as need arises.

This looks grand on paper; the point is, how does it actually work? For the past five years there has been an annual departmental test mobilization. In 1932 Lynwood Post—to choose one of 494 posts as an example—turned out (Continued on page 46)

units must issue warm clothing and blankets for survivors suffering from exposure. Ambulances must remove the injured to hospitals. Traffic must be re-routed. Streets must be cleared of debris.

All these deeds the Legionnaires performed, even after a small mountain had been swept away and the Glendale clubhouse itself demolished by the waters. They worked all night, all day Monday, and even on Tuesday when the sun again shone warmly and the sky was blue, many of them remained on duty to prevent looting.

It was a remarkable exhibition of efficiency. You had to be impressed by the instant response, the almost military discipline with which the Legionnaires swung into action. And when you have made a study of the organization scheme that puts these men into the center of disaster and gets them efficiently to work, you begin to understand why the California Department has won the Drain Trophy six times out of eight. For the same organization discipline is applied to the department community service work; there is the same response, the same enthusiasm.

We can use the California Department's Disaster Relief set-up as an example of this organization because the same set-up is used to put over any other State and national campaign. The Department has a chairman of the Disaster Relief Commission who



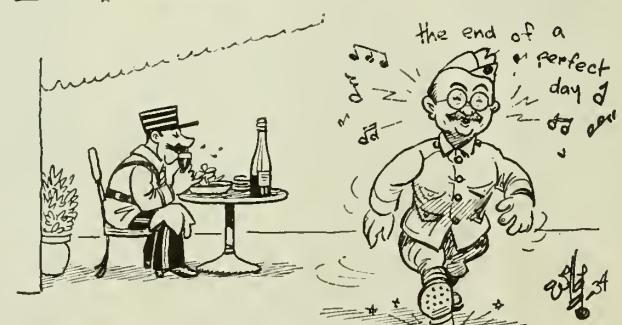
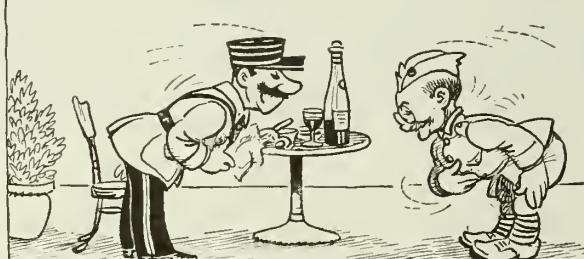
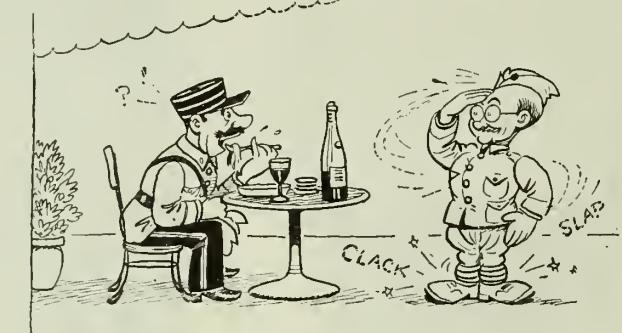
Frank Belgrano, of the Legion's National Finance Committee, and Department Adjutant James K. Fisk with the James A. Drain Trophy for Community Betterment, which for the sixth time in eight years has gone to the California Department

A SALUTE IS A SALUTE

And Must Always Be Returned

By Wallgren

THE SALUTING DEMON
OF THE A.E.F.



Bursts and Duds



Conducted by Dan Sowers



SOME folks—probably most folks—like to be seen in the company of people who have achieved prominence. A few years ago Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, high commissioner of baseball, attended a dedication service in New York State. The ceremonies had been delayed, so that the Judge had to make a run for his train without dinner, and there was no diner on the train; however, he got some fruit from the news-butcher. It was hot, and he had the window up and the door to his compartment open.

As he sat eating an orange a little fellow popped into the compartment, stuck out his hand, and said, "How do you do, Judge Landis!"

The Judge acknowledged the greeting, and the little fellow jumped back to the door, and beckoning excitedly, shouted: "Oh, Henry! Henry! Come here—come here! I want you to meet my old friend Judge Landis!"

Disengaging himself from the orange, the Judge grasped Henry by the hand and said: "Young man, I am very glad to meet you, and now that you and I are so well acquainted will you please tell me who in the blazes this fellow is!"



AT A recent dinner given to the Past Department Commanders of Oregon by Harold J. Warner, present Commander, there was a revival of war anecdotes. Stephen F. Chadwick, visiting member of the National Americanism Commission, from Seattle, Washington, contributed this one.

Four colored boys were getting a breathing spell during a lull in the fighting in the Argonne. One of the number suggested that if they only had a deck of cards they might play a game of pitch. After exploring the pockets of his blouse one of the four produced the cards, and a game was on.

The first player to bid opined he could make one. The second promptly bid two, and the third made it three. The dealer examined his hand carefully, and after much cogitation finally bid four. No sooner had he bid than an enemy shell exploded in their midst, killing the last bidder.

There was a momentary silence, then one of the remaining soldiers went over and picked up the cards which had fallen from the hands of his late comrade. He looked them over closely, and turning to his remaining buddies exclaimed: "Dat boy sho' was lucky—he never could a made four on dat hand."

ONE of the new high-speed streamline trains was advertised to pass through a small Southern town, and a large crowd was on hand at the station to see it go by. Among the crowd was an old negro. On scheduled time the train shot past the station at a hundred and ten miles an hour.

The old negro gazed at the shining spectacle as it disappeared in the distance, and was finally overheard to exclaim:

"So far as Ah's concerned, dey certainly ain't goin' to need no Jim Crow car on dat train!"



OLD Jed, of the moonshine country, showed up at the still one day with his face considerably scratched.

"Great barrels o' mash, man," exclaimed his partner, "what yer been fightin'—a passel o' wild cats?"

"No, I ain't been fightin' no wild cats."

"If yer ain't been fightin' no varmints, I'd like to know how yer got yore face clawed up like that."

"Well, if yer must know, I'll tell yer. My oldest gal has been goin' to the school down at the settlement, and she and her maw is a-practicin' this here eddiket stuff what she's been larnin', and this morning they made me eat with a fork."



IT HAS been said that the best way to avoid an unnecessary argument is just to agree to a statement and let it go. Not long ago Lucille LaVerne, the distinguished star of "Sun Up," told me a story which is a fine example of the retort diplomatic.

A little colored girl had taken her first job out in service. When she returned home in the evening after her first day's work her mother asked her how she liked the woman who employed her.

"Ah likes her all right, mammy, but she sho' is peculiar."

"What do you mean, 'culiar, honey? Did she 'buse you any?"

"No, mammy, she didn't abuse me none."

"Well, how come she 'culiar, den?"

"Why, mammy, dat woman say dey ain't no Gawd!"

"She did! Lawdy, honey! Did dat 'oman really say dey ain't no Gawd?"

"Yessum, she did!"

"What did you say, honey, when she say dey ain't no Gawd? What did you tell her, honey, what did you tell her?"

"Why, I jes' said 'I don't care.'"



THE rah-rah boys were whooping it up after dearold alma mater had won the big game, and the celebration reached such a stage that a policeman stepped in and assembled three celebrants.

The charge preferred against them, when they were arraigned in court the next day, was disturbing the peace.

Pointing to one of the youths, the magistrate asked, "What's your name?"

"Rah-rah-Raleigh Rah-rah-Robinson," was the stammering reply.

"I asked you for your name, sir," shouted the magistrate, "not the evidence!"

HERE is how a candidate got back at a heckler representing the opposition party. His speech had been interrupted several times, when finally he dropped the trend of his argument and said:

"A man had died in San Diego. Certain papers on his clothing tended to identify him as a member of a Boston family. His description was wired east, and a brother caught a plane and rushed west to check the identification. At the undertaking establishment the brother looked at the body and ordered the finest casket in the city. He then made arrangements for a special train to carry the body back to Boston. Just before the scheduled time to start back, he decided to take one more look at the body. For some reason the deceased's mouth had opened.

"The easterner looked at it closely, and then said to the undertaker, 'This cannot be my brother—this man has natural teeth, and my brother's were artificial.' He then canceled all the arrangements he had made, and quickly left the establ'shment.

"After he had gone, the undertaker looked at the body with much annoyance and lamented:

"Now look what you've gone and done. Just think, here you are—all dressed up and fitted out in the finest casket money can buy. You've missed a trip across the continent on a special train, and at the end of the journey resting in state for a day or so to be viewed by sorrowing people. It's quite probable that you would have been put away in a marble vault, sparkling and glittering in the sunlight through the ages to remind people that it contained a real personage. Now, as it is, I'll have to take you out of this fine casket and put you in a pine box in which you'll be carted away to the potter's field. And, I ask you, for why (Continued on page 59)

From PUBLIC ENEMY *to* POTPIE

THE jack rabbit in Colorado is as popular as a mortgage holder. He is the villain of the farmer's fields, with his black-tipped loppy ears and his long springy hind legs which propel him rocket-like in flight, with his rodent's teeth and his prodigious appetite, with his scorn of birth control and his customary long life. No Peter Rabbit is he, hero of nursery tales, exemplar of popular virtues. No! Instead of spending his time, as the fiction rabbit does, in out-tricking the bad wolf and living on amiable terms with all his neighbors of the forest and field, he puts in a good seven-day week of ten-hour days, devouring most of the crops about him.

The plains of eastern Colorado and the plains of western Kansas are the Garden of Eden for the jack rabbit. Here he lives and multiplies and dies, exacting always his tribute of root and leaf of everything that grows within reach, and here he wears as nowhere else the crown of unpopularity.

All this explains why 250 members of Leyden-Chiles-Wickersham Post of The American Legion in Denver assembled with their automobiles in front of the office of the *Denver Post* at daybreak on December 17th. They had gathered, writes Legionnaire J. P. Logan, to take part in the Legion post's semi-annual rabbit hunt, conducted jointly with the Denver newspaper. As an expeditionary force, adds Mr. Logan, they moved swiftly over 100 miles of eastern Colorado roads in the crisp hours of the December morning and at 7:30 A. M. mobilized again at the town of Hugo.

The town took on the spirit of Château-Thierry as the Legionnaires moved into it, wearing Legion caps, army shirts and blouses, and other olive drab dress leftovers, filling the restaurants and milling about the streets. Legionnaire Felix O'Neil, commanding officer of the hunt, called everybody about him

28



Two rabbits per family was the rule when Leyden-Chiles-Wickersham Post in Denver distributed the thousands of jack rabbits shot by post members in a single day on the plains of Eastern Colorado

the teams worked slowly toward the center. Everyone shooting at the same time and plenty of shooting for everyone. If one man missed the rabbit the next man was sure to get him, and game piled up on every side. The hunters did not stop

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

at the town park finally, explained the rules of the hunt, divided the army into four corps, appointed the guides and captains.

"No one has ever been hurt in one of these hunts," Mr. O'Neil said. "Use extreme care and don't shoot until your captain gives the command. Follow the rules. Shoot only to your right. Remember, one thoughtless action may mean a lifetime of regret."

The groups divided, each going a different direction from Hugo. Mr. Logan went with the third group, which drove first seven miles north to the town of Genoa, then ten miles farther before the signal to halt was given. The group captain made the rounds of all the cars, dividing the group into four teams—north, south, east and west. Everybody piled out of the cars. Captains were designated for each team. Every man was asked to stick with his team. A 640-acre field was chosen as the first hunting ground. It was flat and thinly covered with small brush and weeds. Climbing back in their cars, the teams proceeded to the four sides of the field. Each team formed a skirmish line along the side assigned to it, and waited for the signal to advance.

At last the signal—a shot fired by the commander. Upon its echoes each man loaded his gun and the advance began, each team moving slowly toward the center of the field. Little shooting for the first fifty yards. The jack rabbits were leaping away from each advancing line, and long shots were mostly wasted. Rabbits which tried to break through were brought down, usually with a single shot.

The din of battle grew as



Ridding farmers' fields of pests enabled Denver Legionnaires to give to depression sufferers more than twelve thousand pounds of jack rabbits as a welcome change of diet

Wickersham Post members agreed that the hunt had furnished real comradeship and sport, and we all found great satisfaction in providing good meals for so many hungry folks."

Mounds and Horse-radish

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING'S story, "The First Americans," in the Monthly for January was read with especial interest by members of East St. Louis 124th Field Artillery Post.

"The men of our outfit enjoyed Mr. Cushing's story because the principal mound excavated last year in the

to pick up the rabbits. Farmers followed up with small trucks, and the men driving were almost as busy as the jack rabbits. As the small trucks were filled, the driver dashed for the main road, transferred his load to a two-ton truck and returned.

Finally, the teams were within fifty yards of one another. The command was given to halt and cease firing. In the square still unbeaten by the hunters were many rabbits. The captain and end man of each team stepped two paces forward. Upon command, all other members of the teams executed right about face, so that they had their backs to the square. The eight men inside the square now started their work. They were not to shoot but to cover every foot of ground, to chase out every rabbit which might have taken shelter. As the beaters began their work, the surviving jack rabbits catapulted from cover and streaked through the line of hunters. They did not get far.

The hunters marched to a schoolhouse at noon for coffee and sandwiches and home-made cakes, prepared and served by the wives of the farmers. Other fields were covered in the afternoon. Five o'clock saw most of the hunters homeward bound.

The trucks loaded with rabbits converged upon Hugo. The rabbits were placed in a Union Pacific boxcar and hauled into Denver. Here the scales recorded a total of 12,640 pounds. The *Denver Post* had published the announcement that two rabbits would be given to each head of a family appearing at the newspaper office at 9 A. M. on the day following the hunt. More than two thousand persons walked in line to the distribution counters. The rabbits brought to countless family tables welcome change from depression menus.

"Almost to a man," writes Mr. Logan, "the Leyden-Chiles-

Roy J. Poff of Paris Post, landing in New York, registers for the ship news cameraman a look of how-it-feels-to-win \$60,000 in a French lottery

second largest group of mounds was on the farm of Past Commander W. Fred Powell," writes G. Edwin Popkess, manager of the post's drum corps. "During the excavation the post held several meetings on Mr. Powell's farm, watching the work of anthropologists, from the University of Illinois, the Smithsonian Institution and several museums. Past Commander Powell has a collection of relics from the mounds on display in his home, located in the heart of the mound district. Powell, incidentally, is known as the 'horse-radish king' of the United States and is said to produce more horse-radish on his farm than is produced on any other farm in the country. The post holds a 'duck and horse-radish' dinner every year at his farm, and a trip to the mounds is always on the program."



WORLD-TELEGRAM

Lucky Number

THE rolling bones of the A. E. F. echo now only in history, and it has been a long time since a Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford in olive drab sold, while dodging M. P.'s, the Paris subway system and the Eiffel Tower. But the proverbial American who falls into a swamp and comes out with strawberries in his hair can still pick up a wheelbarrow load of francs on a raincheck occasionally. Take the reported case of Roy J. Poff, Paris Post member of





Salem, Virginia, back again in the land of the falling dollar.

When the ship photographers and newspaper reporters met him as he stepped off the liner *Champlain* in New York in January, Mr. Poff confided that a café owner had wheedled him into buying a lottery ticket and the ticket won for him a few days later the sum of \$60,000. Whereupon, reported Mr. Poff, he celebrated in genuine A. E. F. fashion—hired an orchestra for the owner of the café, gave \$2,500 to Paris Post for a party and put in a standing order for champagne for his fellow Legionnaires.

Ocean-Side Legionnaires

CAPE May projects like an inverted skate-clad shoe from the lower arc of New Jersey's coastline, and at the heel of the skate, separated from the mainland by the waters of Great Egg Bay and Great Egg Inlet, is Ocean City. Like its neighbor, Atlantic City, farther up the coast, it is a great seaside resort, boasting of broad beaches of white sand, curving board walk, pavilions that adorn piers which jut far into the ocean. Whenever anything takes place in Ocean City, Morgan-Ranck Post has something to do with it.

Past Commander Edward A. Rodgers sends word that his outfit last season conducted the elaborate ceremonies for the dedication of the \$2,000,000 bridge and roadway connecting the city with the mainland—a memorial to World War veterans. There was a great parade in which the whole city took part, and in the evening the post held a drum and bugle corps contest on a field near the board walk. This was an elaborate affair, with flood lights, decorations that cost \$1,000, judges' stands and seats for 10,000. On the following day came 1933's historic hurricane, a tropical storm that swept far north of usual paths. Judges' stands were swept to sea and the post turned out to prevent the seats also from becoming driftwood. Mr. Rodgers adds details on some unusual things which the post has done.

"In 1930, as the result of experience in our Fourth of July celebration, we went into the street decorating

business," Mr. Rodgers writes. "We bought enough material to decorate every business property in the city, and we have rented this regularly since for every celebration of magnitude. When the depression brought suffering we established a wood distribution system and a free medical clinic. We put to work at wood cutting every man applying. The medical clinic provided treatment for three hundred persons the first year. Other activities have been an exhibit for the Cape May County Art League and free contract bridge lessons. News reels have made several other activities familiar to the whole country, such as our Mutt Dog Parade, our Children's Day with its costume parade of little boys and girls, the National Marble Tournament Finals and daily health exercises on the beach."

Honoring Jane A. Delano

THE National Organization of American Legion Nurses will conduct a pilgrimage to Washington, D. C., in April for the dedication of a memorial in Arlington National Cemetery in honor of Miss Jane A. Delano and the 296 nurses who gave their lives in the World War. The dedication will take place during the week of April 22d, in which the American Nurses Association, which includes in its membership many World War nurses, will hold in Washington its biennial convention. Mrs. Margaret S. Ackerman, 2176 Atkins Avenue, Lakewood, Ohio, National Commander of the Legion nurses' organization, is arranging for the attendance of groups representing local units.

Miss Jane Delano, after three years as superintendent of the Army Nurse Corps, resigned in 1912 to direct for the American Red Cross the development of a reserve of Red Cross nurses. A measure of the notable success of her efforts was the composition of the nurse corps of the Army and Navy at the time of the Armistice. Of 21,480 women, the total maximum strength of the Army Nurse Corps on November 15, 1918, 17,931 were reserve nurses who had been recruited and assigned to the military establishment by the American Red Cross Nursing Service. More than nine thousand nurses were serving with the



A big moment in the pageant of Morgan-Ranck Post attending the dedication of a \$2,000,000 bridge which links Ocean City, New Jersey, with the mainland



A wading pool, tennis courts and plenty of comfortable chairs distinguish the memorial park which MacDougall-Lowe Post provided for Kirksville, Missouri

A. E. F. at the time of the Armistice. Of the 1,500 American nurses serving in the Navy Nurse Corps at the Armistice 1,058 had been mobilized through the American Red Cross.

Miss Delano's vast achievements were ended by her tragic death in France in 1919. She became ill in February while she was on a trip inspecting A. E. F. hospitals, underwent a series of four mastoid operations at Savenay Hospital Center and died on April 15th. Seventeen months after her death in Brittany her body was laid at rest on a wooded hillside overlooking the amphitheater in Arlington National Cemetery.

In publishing in the February issue of the *Monthly* a list of all-women's posts of The American Legion, twelve of which are named after Jane A. Delano, the names of several posts were omitted inadvertently. To the list should be added Jean Cargill Nurses' Post of Newington, Connecticut, Gladys Watkins Post of Scranton, Pennsylvania, Bergen County Women's Post, Rutherford, New Jersey, and San Francisco (California) Nurses' Post. Kathryn M. Page, Historian of the San Francisco post, writes that her post is proud to have as one of its members Miss Dora E. Thompson, who made a notable record during and preceding the World War as superintendent of the Army Nurse Corps.

By the Legion, For the Town

WHEN motorists reach Kirksville, Missouri, on the main highways running east and west and north and south, they drive leisurely to admire pretty homes and spreading lawns. They see the buildings of the state normal school and the nationally-famed college of osteopathy. Then most of them find their way to Adair County Veterans Memorial Park, where they may sit on comfortable park chairs amid shrubbery and trees to watch children playing at games or wading in a large pool. They carry

away with them lively impressions of a friendly town.

MacDougall-Lowe Post of Kirksville provided the park for its community when it raised funds which were matched by city and county. A shaft of white stone, a miniature obelisk, rises from the park's center and bears the names of the thirty-eight men of the county who gave their lives in the World War. Flood lights make the park a community center by night as well as day in summer and a band concert is given each week.

Legionnaire Bishop

IN 1921 Robert E. Gribbin, three years removed from the battlefields of the A. E. F., became rector of St. Paul's Church in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and joined Clyde Bolling Post of The American Legion. Chaplain of the 3d Pioneer Infantry and with it during its days in the battles of St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne, the Reverend Mr. Gribbin had a lively sense of the Legion's duty in peace-

time. He served his post as Chaplain and then as Commander. Recently, reports Post Adjutant J. J. Harris, the post and its Auxiliary unit held a joint meeting in recognition of the honor that had come to him. Named Bishop of Western North Carolina, the Right Reverend Mr. Gribbin became one of the 130 Episcopal bishops of the United States. On behalf of the Legionnaires and Auxiliaries of Winston-Salem, Post Commander W. E. Nicholson presented to him an American flag.

"Bishop Gribbin wears a pectoral cross made by disabled comrades of the World War," writes Mr. Harris. "One of the bishops who assisted in the consecration service was the Right Reverend Edwin A. Pennick, Bishop of North Carolina, a former Army chaplain. Among other World War chaplains who have been elevated to the Episcopate in the Episcopal Church are Bishops Wilson of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, Ward of Erie, Pennsylvania, and the late Bishop Shipman (Suffragan) of New York. The flag presented to Bishop Gribbin was carried by his son in the consecration procession."

Born in South Carolina, Bishop Gribbin attended The Citadel, famed military academy of Charleston, taught there two years before going to General Theological (Continued on page 58)



You Bet They're LEGIONNAIRES



The bon voyage which sounded in the ears of these nurses of Navy Base Hospital No. 1 when they sailed from New York in October, 1917, meant nothing to them after a rough voyage on the transport Henderson through the Bay of Biscay shortly before they landed in St. Nazaire

WHEN the forces of the Legion pass in review at each national convention, one might occasionally hear from an uninformed spectator along the line of march some such remark as, "I didn't know the Auxiliary paraded with the Legion." It's just as well that most of the women in the parade do not overhear those comments, because they'd resent them, and justly so. While a few Auxiliaries may line up with the Legion in parade, the majority of the women in formation are died-in-the-wool veterans—members of the Legion—with honorable discharges equally as good as those issued to the soldiers, sailors and marines. And those women are mighty proud and jealous of their membership in the Legion.

The ex-Army and Navy nurses, of course, account for the greatest number of women Legionnaires. Smaller units represent the Yeomen F, women regularly enlisted in the Navy for clerical work, and those formerly engaged in similar service with the Marine Corps. Almost 23,000 women were regularly enlisted for service as nurses with the Army and the Navy, of whom about 1500 served with the latter branch and of that number, more than 10,000 were with the A. E. F.

The nurses took an active part in The American Legion soon after its organization. In cities where numbers permitted, all-nurses' posts were formed. In other places, the nurses joined up with their local posts. In addition to their active participation in Legion national conventions, the nurses hold reunion meetings of their own in conjunction with the conventions. The first large gathering was in Louisville during the 1929 convention. Soon thereafter the National Organization of World War Nurses came into being. Annual meetings are held at each of the Legion con-

ventions, and at the Chicago convention last October the society was signally honored by being officially recognized by the Legion, and the organization was designated the National Organization of American Legion Nurses. Contrary to other outfit organizations, membership in the nurses' national organization is dependent upon active membership in the Legion.

INTRODUCTION of the nurses to veterans, whether the latter served in camps or shore stations in this country, or overseas, is unnecessary. The women of the nursing corps have long been active members of the Then and Now Gang and have contributed many interesting service pictures and stories to this department. We are happy to show a few more unofficial snapshots of their service and we are indebted to Miss Margaret Mullen, of Haverstraw, New York, one of the National Vice-Commanders of the National Organization of American Legion Nurses, for rounding up for us the three pictures displayed—pictures which represent both the Navy and Army Nurses Corps.



The shipboard picture scarcely needs a caption. And because of the intimate depiction of a distressful and unhappy episode in the travels of one group of nurses, the veteran who lent us the picture refuses to let us identify her. While plenty of our land-lubber doughboys were notoriously poor sailors, we know that plenty of salty gobs and marines were also subject to bad reactions from sea travel. So we can forgive this group of nurses of Navy Base Hospital No. 1 for that morning-after-the-night-before appearance after a tumultuous voyage through the Bay of Biscay on the transport *Henderson* early in October, 1917.

Navy Base Hospital No. 1 was the first and largest Naval hospital to arrive in France. Although attached to the Marine Corps, it was taken over by the Army when the Marines were brigaded with the A. E. F. during the fall of 1917, and was temporarily assigned until the end of November, 1917, to staff the Mongazon, a future Army Base Hospital at Angers. The unit remained under command of a Navy officer. That duty finished, the personnel was ordered to permanent quarters at Brest, France. As one of the nurses remarked, the building assigned to them for use as a hospital—a former school for boys—reminded her of the Raymond Street city jail in Brooklyn, New York, where the unit had been organized.

We selected the two other unofficial snapshots, which depict an important event of Army Base Hospital No. 2, from a memory album of one of its nurses who also insists on remaining anonymous. Funny how these brave women of wartime modestly refuse even the recognition these columns can give them. It was a greeting and godspeed to Miss Anna Caroline Maxwell, who after a number of years of service in Boston hospitals, established the School of Nursing of the Presbyterian Hospital in New York City in 1891. Actively interested with other superintendents in war nursing under Red Cross leadership during the Spanish-American War, Miss Maxwell, after personal appeals to the Surgeon General to allow nurses to enter Army camps, was sent to Sternberg U. S. Field Hospital at Chickamauga Park, Georgia. This recruiting of trained nurses for use in the military service during an emergency eventually developed into the organization of the Army Nurses Corps.

After our country entered the World War, Miss Maxwell, still connected with the Presbyterian Hospital of New York City, organized a unit which became the nursing staff of Base Hospital No. 2, one of the first six to sail for Europe, to be assigned to the British Expeditionary Forces. The sixty-five nurses of this unit embarked on May 14, 1917, arriving

in England on June 1st. After crossing to France, U. S. Army Base Hospital No. 2 was established at Étretat, a resort on the Channel a short distance north of Le Havre. Miss Maxwell did not accompany the staff she had organized. But Miss Maxwell had sent to her unit the Red Cross flag which she had had with her at Chickamauga nineteen years earlier.

During the summer of 1918 while on an inspection tour of dressing stations and evacuation hospitals at the front, Miss Maxwell had the opportunity of visiting the unit which she had organized. The snapshots show the greeting she received from the nurses of her Presbyterian Hospital group and the god-speed given her when she departed by motor car for her tour. Prominent in the pictures may be seen the Red Cross flag which had served her during the Spanish-American War and which was doing similar duty for her nurses in the World War.



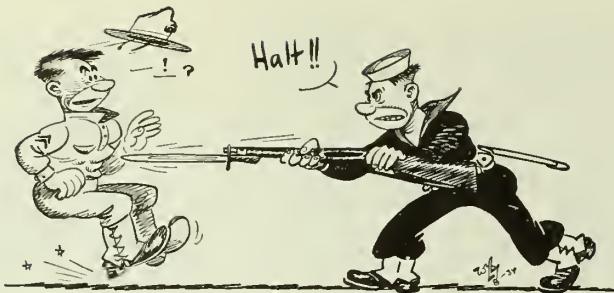
Here, then, we have glimpses of two groups of the nurses who now are members of the National Association of American Legion Nurses—an organization which is yearly growing in strength and importance in the Legion. The next reunion and meeting of the Association will be held in Miami, Florida, October 22d to 25th, and a call is being sent out to all veteran nurses to join the association and to meet with it in Florida. The National Commander of the Association, Mrs. Margaret S. Ackerman, and the National Secretary, Mrs. Flora Sheldon, are busily engaged in making plans for the next meeting. They may be addressed at the national headquarters, 2176 Atkins Avenue, Lakewood, Ohio.



In the quaint Channel town of Étretat, France, the nurses of Army Base Hospital No. 2, New York Presbyterian Hospital unit, saluted their organizer, Miss Anna C. Maxwell, with the Red Cross flag she had served under during the Spanish-American War and their own Stars and Stripes

claim of his outfit, but this is our first opportunity to let the gang consider it. All right, Comrade Finn, let's go:

"Permit me to say a few words regarding the 28th Aero



Squadron in which I was a corporal, later in the A. E. F. becoming a sergeant, 1st class, A. M. On May 10, 1917, the enlisted personnel of the squadron was first grouped together as a provisional organization at Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas. It was not until June 22d that the squadron was officially designated as the 28th Squadron, under command of Captain James R. Alfonce.

"The squadron entrained on August 22, 1917, and arrived in Toronto, Canada, on the evening of the 26th for training with the British Royal Flying Corps. Here our first station was Recruits Depot, Leaside, North Toronto, where the organization was split up for training with the 42d and 43d Wings of the R. F. C.

"Under the efficient tutoring of experienced R. F. C. squadrons the personnel passed from a technically untrained organization to one with a thorough knowledge of airplane construction, overhaul and upkeep. Others were trained in motor transport work, aerial machine-gunnery and other necessary activities.

"During this period of training we were paid in Canadian money and taught the English squad formations and drill movements, such as 'Form fours!' and 'Form two deep!' One afternoon each week we were taken on parade headed by the R. F. C. band down the main streets of North Toronto, covering about five miles.

"The squadron was reassembled during the last days of October at Leaside and on November 2d we entrained for our new station at Taliaferro Field No. 1, Fort Worth, Texas, where we remained until sent to the Concentration Camp at Garden City, Long Island, for an early sailing for active duty.

"This I believe to be the first time in history that American troops paraded on Canadian soil, and some ten months in advance of the 363d Infantry battalion's invasion."

HOW many of you who were thrilled at accounts of the first trans-Atlantic flight of a lighter-than-air craft have noticed that now the regular flights of the *Graf Zeppelin* between Germany and South America barely rate a four-line dispatch tucked

away in the back pages of your daily newspapers? And how many of you know of the first trans-Atlantic flight of a Navy dirigible which was attempted away back in 1919? The snapshots depicting the starting point of that proposed flight, which we show, were sent to us by J. R. Johnson, member of Man o' War Post, of 305 Dudley Road, Lexington, Kentucky, and he tells this story regarding his personal participation in the final episode of the attempt:

"The recent story of the ill-fated *Northern Pacific* which ran aground, appearing in a recent issue of the Monthly, recalls to my mind another sea tragedy of which I was a witness. It was the loss of the Navy dirigible, C-5.

"I was a seaman on the U. S. S. *Chicago*, an armed cruiser of the Spanish-American War, once the 'pride of the Navy.' Launched in 1885, remodeled into a protected cruiser in 1898, flagship of Rear Admiral Schley's South Atlantic Squadron in 1900-1, she was flagship of the Submarine Base, New London, Connecticut, when I became a member of the crew during the World War. She carried 400 men and 45 officers.

"Leaving New York for a cruise to Colombia and Brazil on January 30, 1919, we were back in New York on May 2d, received orders and left for St. Johns, Newfoundland, on May 6th. We carried a cargo of gas in heavy iron bottles, securely stored on the top deck. The trip to Newfoundland was uneventful except for the fact that we had to stand iceberg watch—an unusual duty.

"It was during that spring of 1919 that the Navy Department was trying out flights with dirigibles, just eight years before Lindbergh made his successful solo flight in a heavier-than-air craft. The dirigible, C-5, made the flight from the Naval Air Station, Montauk, Long Island, arriving successfully at St. John's, Newfoundland, at 11:15 A.M., May 15, 1919. But the weather



Veterans of the crew of the U. S. S. *Chicago* will recall the iceberg watch they had to stand while en route to St. Johns, Newfoundland, with a supply of gas for the Navy dirigible C-5 whose attempted flight to Europe ended in disaster

was rather rough, the wind was blowing a gale and it took half of the crew of our ship to moor the big gas-bag. However, we did it and succeeded in holding onto it until 5:30 P.M., when the wind suddenly shifted and increased in velocity. The dirigible broke loose. The one member of its crew aboard her tried to pull the safety cord but it broke. He had to jump from the ship and was lucky in (Continued on page 62)





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The prompt upbuilding of the Navy to treaty strength was one of the important subjects considered by the Ninth Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense, with the National President of The American Legion Auxiliary in the chair

ETERNAL VIGILANCE

By John J. Noll

IMBUED with a spirit of renewed determination that the country for which their men folk had offered and in many instances given their lives should have the protection it requires and deserves, almost six hundred women have returned to their homes in every section of the United States, in Hawaii, Alaska and the Canal Zone to carry forward a program that was outlined and discussed at Washington during the Ninth Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense.

Under the inspired and gracious guidance of Mrs. William H. Biester, Jr., National President of The American Legion Auxiliary, as Chairman, these women assembled at the Capital at the end of January. Representing more than a million members of thirty-eight women's patriotic organizations, they heard officers high in the Army, Navy and Marine Corps and other government representatives tell of the efforts which are being made and which should be made to insure the proper defense of our country. They entered into discussions of these problems sanely, intelligently, whole-heartedly.

There was evident in none of the sessions any of the hysteria of the ill-informed and misguided whose interests have been aroused by some new movement or ism. There was, on the contrary, an air of patriotic earnestness such as might be expected

of the widows and the mothers, wives, sisters and daughters and descendants of men who had served their country in time of emergency.

Militarism? No. Nothing is further from the minds of these women who have known the sufferings of war. Preparedness? Yes. A determination that the United States shall not again permit itself to be found wanting, as in all of its previous wars, should a world which has not regained stability since the World War again erupt. It was because of a tendency in that direction, immediately following the last war—a cutting of appropriations for our military forces, resulting in the lowering of the standards of its several branches, a lessening of effective strength in officers and men and equipment—that the first Patriotic Conference was called in 1925 by Mrs. O. D. Oliphant, then National President of The American Legion Auxiliary, who has since been honored by being named Honorary Permanent Chairman. From that small group of delegates of fifteen women's patriotic organizations has developed this splendid annual conclave of patriots.

The mass meeting held on the first evening of the three days' session set a high keynote of patriotism. The auditorium was filled to capacity with the delegates, high-ranking officers of the several branches of the service, Congressmen and visitors. To music

of the United States Navy Band, an inspiring procession of color bearers and pages bore the flags of the thirty-eight participating organizations to the platform and formed an escort for Mrs. William H. Biester, Jr., Chairman of the conference.

Mrs. Biester called the conference to order. The invocation was given by Reverend Robert J. White, National Chaplain of The American Legion. The pledge to the flag was led by Mrs. Reuben Ross Holloway, following which Miss Esther Binker of Philadelphia sang "The Star-Spangled Banner." The greeting of the Chairman was responded to by Mrs. William E. Ochiltree, National President of the American War Mothers and First Vice-Chairman of the conference.

Lieutenant Colonel Ulysses S. Grant 3d addressed the conference on "American Patriotism." Drawing upon the history of the nation and particularly upon the expressions of President Lincoln and President Washington, he warned against the activities of subversive elements who in their efforts against a sound national policy were trying to undermine what they cannot directly overthrow.

Speaking on the subject, "Our Country's National Defense," National Commander Edward A. Hayes of the Legion said: "Our nation cannot survive unless we develop and maintain patriotic ideals. It is almost trite for me to say that it is not so much the insurrection of the ignorant we need fear in this country as it is the laziness of the intelligent. We of the Legion are astounded to know that the official expression of the Army and the Navy is that we stand seventeenth in the strength of our Army's personnel as compared with the other armies of the world, third in the strength of our Navy as compared with the other navies of the world."

National Commander Hayes told of the continued efforts of the Legion through its 10,859 posts to impress upon the country just what constitutes the minimum requirements of our nation in the way of defense, based upon the provisions of the National Defense Act as amended in 1920 and reflecting the lessons learned during the World War. He continued: "It should be said also that every war of the past has found our beloved nation in the position where not only unusual and additional expenditure of money was required, but the lives of some of those boys whose mothers are here tonight were given because we failed adequately to prepare when the emergency was not present." He emphasized particularly recent activities of men students in land-grant colleges who refused to take military training as required. Commander Hayes advocated universal service—the drafting of capital, industry, agriculture and transportation as well as of men—as the most effective way of avoiding wars in the future.

Admiral William H. Standley, Chief of Naval Operations of the United States Navy, as senior officer of the Navy charged with the training (Continued on page 44)

"I'm a push-over
for fine Tobacco"



RANDOLPH SCOTT . . . Famous Paramount Feature Player

FINE tobacco is a weakness of mine. And often I'm tempted to try the most expensive kinds. But fine tobacco, I've discovered, isn't necessarily high priced.

For steady smoking, I like Union Leader. Its smooth, well-matured

Kentucky Burley never tires my taste; it's so fragrant, full-flavored and biteless.

Don't let that 10¢ price mislead you! It's hard to beat the satisfying qualities of Union Leader, at any price. (Great for cigarettes, too.)

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UNION LEADER

THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

10¢



THE VOICE *of the* LEGION

Propaganda, the Possibility of More Wars, and the Attitude Toward Strikes
Are Highlights in Editorial Comment Throughout the Nation

WELL paid propagandists of predatory interests once succeeded in persuading a large portion of the American public to believe two bits of astounding misinformation. The result was that, on March 20, 1933, the Congress of the United States, beset by demands of people who believed the falsehoods that were printed in many newspapers and magazines, and hurled at them over the ether waves of the radio or from the lecture platform, passed the iniquitous Economy Act.

Those two pieces of misinformation—(only journalistic courtesy prevents their being called the most damnable of lies)—were these:

First—The war was not so bad; in fact, it was a picnic to most of the men in uniform; an education to others; a pleasant vacation, for which the Government paid well, and veterans were a greedy lot of treasury raiders for thinking that any of them should receive any further financial consideration from the nation following discharge.

Second—Just because they had once worn the uniform, a large percentage of the veterans of the World War had managed to get placed on the pension lists, and unless action was immediately taken, most of the rest of them would shortly become pensioners of the Government, whether or not there was anything wrong with them.

The propaganda was cleverly conceived, and skilfully disseminated. Large portions of the public swallowed it, hook, line and sinker. The Economy Act was passed. . . .

The publication of the war pictures by many newspapers in this country is visual evidence, even to those who had forgotten the casualty lists, that war is not a picnic nor a pleasant vacation.

Figures of the Veterans Administration show that, even prior to last March, when compensation was paid to non-service connected disabled as well as to the war disabled, there were only 13 percent of Michigan's total of World War veterans on the pension roll. These figures also show that at the present time, (with the D. A. done away with, and many service connected and presumptive cases wiped off the list), there are less than 6½ percent of the number of Michigan veterans who served in the World War who now receive compensation from the Government as disabled veterans.—*Legion News, Detroit, Michigan.*

WARS AND RUMORS OF WARS

FOLKS who seem to be in the know at Washington are freely predicting a war between Russia and Japan by spring of this year.

They predict, also rather freely, that this country will be drawn into it. Do the American people want another war? Not if they can help it. Never did.

The point of the thing, of course, is brought about by the fact that we have stood with other nations ever since the Boxer Rebellion for the traditional open door policy. Then, too, we have other complications. . . .

What are we going to do about it? Are we going to wait until we get right in the midst of a thing of this sort before taking the customary precautions against it? Will the American people be capable of devising a sane policy in time of stress? Or wouldn't we be better able to do this very thing at a time when we are in the serene and settled times of peace?

The Universal Draft Act looks like the answer. Congress is now in session. It might be a good time to find out who favors and who opposes this very humane legislation. The Universal Draft Act is fair and equitable. It would take the profit out of war. It would make blood as precious as property. It would be our best guarantee against war. Who ever has given us a logical argument against it?

If The American Legion succeeds in having that act written on the law books of this country it will have done a lot for humanity.—*M. F. Murray, Department Commander, in the Minnesota Legionnaire.*

THE LEGION AND STRIKES

IN SPITE of the efforts of certain local interests to involve the Legion in the recent milk strike, we wish to inform all parties that The American Legion does not take sides in controversies where questions involving labor disputes are involved.

We feel that steps should be taken at once to better inform the public of the Legion's attitude on such subjects. In times like these we should reaffirm our policy of hands off in such situations.—*American Legion Weekly Bulletin, Los Angeles, California.*

SPADES OR RIFLES?

THINGS are moving rapidly. Too rapidly for most of us to comprehend. But who in hell is pulling the strings to develop millions of young men into high class loafers and at the same time cut the heart out of our national defense. If this money has to be spent, for God's sake put army rifles and ordnance in the hands of these boys, give them discipline and respect for our country in place of undermining their manhood by teaching them to expect money for fooling away their time.

Maybe France or Japan or Italy or Greece wouldn't like it. What of it? If England had wanted Insull, where would Insull be now? We, the wealthiest nation in the world, with an army that could almost camp in Grant Park! We all know how long it took us to get into effective action during the big show—how helpless we were. What would we do now, with the whole of Europe bristling bayonets and the Far East concentrating troops—what would we do if someone decided that the Philippines, one of the South American countries, or the Panama Canal fitted into their plans? . . .

Is there any man of you who reads this that is going to refuse to throw his weight back of this movement? We don't want war. We hate the idea. But the United States has been in several and we never asked for one of them—except the first. The main thing now is to insure against war and not to be caught in our

B.V.D.'s when company comes.—*Chuck Sloan in the Adposter, Chicago.*

CONTINUE TO SERVE!

THE words "Continue To Serve" mean more to the Legionnaire than the average citizen realizes. These words, based on that portion of the preamble to the constitution of The American Legion reading "To inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation" portray the peacetime service of The American Legion.

How many citizens in our community know of the many ways in which American Legion posts serve their communities? How many people in this community believe that all The American Legion is organized for is to fight for legislation which benefits men who served during the war?

It is of the utmost importance that the citizens in this community know what the post is doing for community betterment. It is important that people know that we are continuing to serve in peace as we did in war. Knowing these things builds good will for the post and the Legion as a whole.—*The South Hills (Pennsylvania) Legionnaire.*

INVITE THEM AS GUESTS

REPORTS from National Headquarters of The American Legion indicate that the Legion is continuing its gains in membership in all parts of the country. This is as it should be....

As there are thousands of buddies who are not yet members, let you, me, and everyone, for the period of the next thirty days, spread the doctrines of The American Legion to those unacquainted. Let us invite them to our post as guests. Let us offer them membership in this great fraternity. They are probably only waiting for an invitation. Mutual benefits are certain to result.—*The American Legion, Frank C. Godfrey Post, Norwalk, Connecticut.*

AHEAD WITH ED

AS CLEAR and compelling as a bugle call a new slogan is sweeping through the posts of the Legion, waking them from drowsy existence, to march forward with vibrant hopes and greater ambitions. "Ahead with Ed."

Simple words, these three, it's quite true. Yet fully expressing the comradeship of the rank and file with its new commander, Ed Hayes, and its confidence in his ability to lead the organization forward during the year to come. The rapidity with which this feeling of faith and friendship has spread proves the wisdom of the Chicago Convention's choice of National Commander, indicates great leadership qualities in the man, and prophesies success for the four-point program adopted by the convention.—*The Legionnaire, Binghamton, New York.*

When we talk S-K-I-D-D-I-N-G we KNOW what we're talking about!

It's nothing new for a tire-maker to claim non-skid safety.

All of them naturally claim it—because it's something the public wants.

But claims won't protect you on a wet and slippery pavement.

We wanted to know what will.

There's just one practical test of any tire that claims non-skid safety, and that is: how quick can it stop your car on the road?

So we took a year to settle the question, made not one test, but 8,400.

Bought all the best known makes of tires—in 14 different sizes.

Built a private road, where passing cars wouldn't be in danger.

Then we tested each tire again and again—and averaged all the tests for each make of tire—just to be absolutely fair about it.

And now we know what we're talking about—when we say that the Goodyear All-Weather Tread—with the safety of center traction—will stop your car in the shortest distance possible.

Why guess which tire is best? Your safety is in the balance.

Look at the figures and judge for yourself:

HOW FAR OTHER TIRES SKIDDED AFTER GOODYEAR STOPPED	
GOODYEARS STOPPED QUICKEST	
2ND BEST TIRE	14% FARTHER
3RD BEST TIRE	18% FARTHER
4TH BEST TIRE	19% FARTHER
SMOOTH TIRE	77% FARTHER —AND MILLIONS ARE RIDING ON SMOOTH TIRES TODAY!

There is a vivid demonstration of safety that beats a thousand claims

Never before have tests been made so thoroughly and impartially.

Roads were flooded with water—with soap and water—with oil—or smeared with grease.



8,400 tests like this—with actual cars on actual roads—showed which tire can stop your car quickest

And out of all these tests—under all conditions—Goodyears proved center traction is best.

Goodyear fame explained

Now you begin to understand why the Goodyear All-Weather Tread is the most famous tread in the world.

From the days of fabric tires—then on cords—then on balloons—now on Airwheels—Goodyear has given you the safety of center traction.

But safety depends on more than tread.

With the powerful grip of Goodyear Tires—there must be a stout body beneath.



How the laboratory sees center traction. Through this heavy plate glass with the Goodyear Tread pressed against it, you can see how the tread-center grips—how those husky blocks of rubber squeeze down and pinch the road for safety

So every Goodyear Tire has the extra resilience—the extra life—the extra endurance of patented Supertwist Cord in every ply. That's why Goodyears give you everything it takes to give you safety.

That's why public confidence in Goodyears is so great that year after year more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.



THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
Akron, Ohio



The Story of the Roosevelt Division

(Continued from page 13)

by him on May 22, 1917. The debate was memorable in both Houses of Congress and the legislation was adopted with many an allusion to Roosevelt and the days of '98. In the hearts of the whole American people, less perhaps a few whose cold hearts can never be read, there lived again for a brief day the vision of a gallant Rough Rider in faded khaki and a battered campaign hat.

With restored health during the two years in which the Division took shape in his dreams the Colonel with characteristic foresight and thoroughness had had all his army friends and those he contemplated for its membership busily thinking and working on the professional aspects of it. He located men in every part of the Union who, by inclination and training, were indicated as fit for the kind of service for which he hoped. He carried on his plans, studied organization, training, and the proper employment of a division in modern war, and arranged to start his organization the moment war should be declared. He apparently never doubted the ultimate approval of Congress for his plan.

AS THE certainty of war developed, the necessity of avoiding all delay if the division were authorized had determined the preparation of requisitions for its equipment. W. E. Dame and Elon H. Hooker who had been working out organization details with Colonel Roosevelt in New York came at different times to see me and discuss matters. The former brought the news as early as March 17th that Fort Sill, Oklahoma, had been selected tentatively as the place of mobilization for the Division. It was in the heart of the region from which nearly twenty years earlier the Rough Rider had drawn his best men. It would be a convenient rallying point for the self-reliant, hard-riding, straight-shooting men of the western plains whom it was desired to attract to the division standards.

There was a clerk in the War Department who had been the Chief Clerk when I was the Acting Adjutant General of the Department of Santiago and Puerto Principe seventeen years before. His name was Emil H. Block, a law graduate from Georgetown University, who was later to enter the World War and become an officer of the regular Quartermaster Corps, where he still serves. I secured his services and those of another friend of mine, Frederick A. Ellison, later a lieutenant colonel, then also of the War Department, and those two men, working at night, prepared requisitions for a full strength division as then authorized by the Tables of Organization, of Ordnance, Signal, Engineer, Medical and Quartermaster supplies and equipment. These were ready for instant signature and immediate submission when the Division should be authorized.

Secretary of War Baker was courteous

and not unsympathetic in his replies to the letters of Colonel Roosevelt. The latter was an older man always most forceful as an advocate for any cause that commanded his interest. For over seven years he had given orders to Secretaries of War. If Mr. Baker was irritated by his slightly Presidential tone, the correspondence does not show it. He very properly based his action on the judgment of his constitutional—his military—advisors. He unhesitatingly adopted the doctrine of the selective draft as against the volunteer system of raising troops for war. He stated the War Department's limitations pending legislation. He stripped the question of personal considerations. He neither allowed himself to be drawn into argument over the Colonel's experiences and qualifications, nor attempted to estimate the sentimental value of a former President of the United States on the front lines in France. He did say: "There are doubtless other ways in which that value could be contributed apart from a military expedition." His letters indicated that he fully comprehended the seriousness of his problem, and understood and concurred in the advice that had been given him.

Some time before the actual declaration of war Colonel Roosevelt saw the President and told him of his desire to raise a Division. President Wilson's Secretary, Honorable Joseph P. Tumulty, states in his book that he was present in the Red Room of the White House, sitting only a few feet away when the conversation took place. He states that "the object of the Colonel's call was discussed without heat or bitterness." The President placed before the Colonel his own ideas regarding his visitor's desire to serve, and the attitude of the General Staff toward the volunteer system, a system that would have to be recognized if the Colonel's ambition was to be realized. "As a matter of fact," says Mr. Tumulty, "instead of being moved by any ill will toward the Colonel, the inclination of the President was to overrule the recommendation of the General Staff and urge that the Colonel be granted permission to go overseas." Mr. Tumulty relates his conversation with the President following the interview, in which they agreed on the Colonel's charm of manner, the President saying: "There is a sweetness about him that is very compelling. You can't resist the man. I can easily understand why his followers are so fond of him."

AN interesting little incident, not related, however, on the authority of Secretary Tumulty, shows that for a moment the war President suffered a reversion to type. Looking over a list of regular officers submitted by the Colonel, his eye caught the name of a graduate of Princeton and he crossed it out over Roosevelt's objection. The officer had been a member of

the honor system at Princeton when Mr. Wilson was the faculty representative. There had been a difference of opinion which came before the Committee, where the student's viewpoint prevailed. Mr. Wilson had not yet forgiven him.

The Colonel in his great earnestness may have read into the engaging manner and interest of the President an approval which the latter did not intend. As he left the White House he slapped Mr. Tumulty on the shoulder and jocularly offered him a place in the Division, a gesture rather unlikely if he felt that he had been turned down by the President. Some weeks later, on April 12th, he referred to it again in a letter to Secretary Tumulty. From other sources, however, it appears that the Colonel did not credit the President with entire frankness. "He (Wilson) has promised me nothing definitely, but as I have said, if any other man had talked to me as he did, I would feel assured. . . . But I was talking to Mr. Wilson. His words may mean much, they may mean little. He has, however, left the door open."

On May 18th, the day the law passed, the Colonel tested the door he thought was left open, by sending a telegram direct to the President asking permission to raise two divisions under the law that had just passed, and offering to raise four if so directed. The President on the following day sent a telegram in reply regretting that he could not comply with Colonel Roosevelt's request. He referred to a public statement issued that morning, and disclaimed any motives other than those of "imperative considerations of public policy" for his disapproval.

THE President's statement which appeared in the official Bulletin for May 19, 1917, was as follows:

"I shall not avail myself, at any rate at the present stage of the war, of the authorization conferred by the act to organize volunteer divisions. To do so would seriously interfere with the carrying out of the chief and most immediately important purpose contemplated by this legislation, the prompt creation and early use of an effective army, and would contribute practically nothing to the effective strength of the armies now engaged against Germany."

"I understand that the section of this act which authorizes the creation of volunteer divisions in addition to the draft was added with a view to providing an independent command for Mr. Roosevelt and giving the military authorities an opportunity to use his fine vigor and enthusiasm in recruiting the forces now at the western front. It would be very agreeable to me to pay Mr. Roosevelt this compliment and the Allies the compliment of sending to their aid one of our most

distinguished public men, an ex-President who has rendered many conspicuous public services and proved his gallantry in many striking ways. Politically, too, it would no doubt have a very fine effect and make a profound impression. But this is not the time or the occasion for compliment or for any action not calculated to contribute to the immediate success of the war. The business now in hand is undramatic, practical, and of scientific definiteness and precision. I shall act with regard to it at every step and in every particular under expert and professional advice, from both sides of the water.

"That advice is that the men most needed are men of the ages contemplated in the draft provisions of the present bill, not men of the age and sort contemplated in the section which authorizes the formation of volunteer units, and that for the preliminary training of the men who are to be drafted we shall need all of our experienced officers. Mr. Roosevelt told me, when I had the pleasure of seeing him a few weeks ago, that he would wish to have associated with him some of the most effective officers of the Regular Army. He named many of those whom he would desire to have designated for the service, and they were men who cannot possibly be spared from the too small force of officers at our command for the much more pressing and necessary duty of training Regular troops to be put into the field in France and Belgium as fast as they can be got ready. The first troops sent to France will be taken from the present forces of the Regular Army and will be under the command of trained soldiers only.

"The responsibility for the successful conduct of our own part in this great war rests upon me. I could not escape it if I would. I am too much interested in the cause we are fighting for to be interested in anything but success. The issues involved are too immense for me to take into consideration anything whatever except the best, most effective, most immediate means of military action. What these means are I know from the mouths of men who have seen war as it is now conducted, who have no illusions, and to whom the whole grim matter is a matter of business. I shall center my attention upon those means and let everything else wait. I should be deeply to blame should I do otherwise, whatever the argument of policy or of personal gratification or advantage."

It seems probable that the disapproval had been determined upon some time before. I reported to General Pershing on May 15th and was being considered for Chief of Staff of the expedition he had already been selected to command in Europe. I stated to General Pershing my commitment to Colonel Roosevelt, who had asked me to be a Brigade Commander in the Division he hoped to raise. The General assured me that he knew positively that no volunteers were to be raised and said I should act accordingly. That was a few days (Continued on page 42)

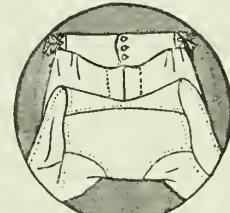
"Know of a good nudist camp, Bill?"
"Why—tired of your clothes?"
"No—just tired of my underwear sawing me in half."
"That's easy to fix. Change to Arrow Underwear with the Seamless Crotch."

Don't let that devilish seam in the crotch of your underwear drive you to reckless action.

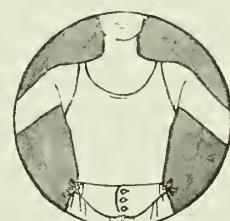
Simply slip into the world's most comfortable garment — Arrow Shorts with the patented *Seamless Crotch*. There's no seam to chafe or bind you . . . no seam to hamper your free and easy movement! What's more, no laundering can ever rob Arrow Shorts of their perfect fit—their ample leg and seat room—because they're Sanforized-Shrunk.

Arrow Undershirts are absorbent and elastic: they give you full chest coverage.

So if it's comfort you want . . . it's comfort you'll get in Arrow Underwear!



The secret of Arrow Shorts comfort—no seam in the crotch!



*Arrow Shorts and Undershirts
—Each garment, 65c up.*

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ARROW UNDERWEAR

Perfect fit guaranteed

Made by the makers of ARROW SHIRTS



The Story of the Roosevelt Division

(Continued from page 41)

before the legislation passed. I asked his permission to write to Colonel Roosevelt. His own selection for his expedition was still considered as confidential. He, accordingly, directed me not to mention exactly what had been offered me when I asked for release. I wrote to Colonel Roosevelt that night that I had had positive assurances that no volunteers were to be raised and that I had been offered a detail of such importance that I could not afford professionally to decline it. He replied without delay, but showed that he knew what I had been offered, and asked if General Pershing would not send for his two boys, Theodore Jr. and Archibald, then just leaving Plattsburg. Next to his own going the Colonel desired his sons to have the chance. I transmitted that message to General Pershing. On the morning of May 26th, when we went together to pay our respects to Secretary Baker before leaving for New York to sail, the General told him of the Colonel's wish, and of his intention to telegraph a request for the Roosevelt boys, soon after he should arrive in France. Secretary Baker spoke in the most sympathetic way of Colonel Roosevelt and without hesitation approved General Pershing's proposed action.

The President's published statement of May 19th ended Colonel Roosevelt's hope

for service in the World War. The final curtain on the Roosevelt Division was rung down by the Colonel himself. On May 25, 1917, he sent a letter to each of the various men who had done work in personally raising units for the proposed Divisions that had been authorized by Congress, thanking them and releasing them with a manly statement of his regret. With date of May 21st, a statement went to all men who had actually volunteered for immediate service in those divisions. It included a list of twenty-two men that he had consulted before deciding formally to disband. In the letter sent out by Colonel Roosevelt on May 21, 1917, after the definite refusal of President Wilson to permit him to raise his Division, he states that he conferred personally or by wire with the following: John C. Groome, Pennsylvania, Seth Bullock, South Dakota, John C. Greenway, Arizona, John M. Parker, Louisiana, Robert Carey, Wyoming, J. P. Donnelly, Nevada, Sloan Simpson, Texas, D. C. Collier and F. R. Burnham of California, Ira L. Reeves, Frazer Metzger and H. Nelson Jackson of Vermont, Henry L. Stimson, W. J. Schieffelin, and William J. Donovan of New York, James R. Garfield, Raymond Robins, R. H. Channing, David Goodrich, W. E. Dame, George Roosevelt, Richard Derby, and "various others." Presumably all

these men were to have had place in the Division if it had been raised. In this letter he discussed certain statements made by the President on May 19th, and filed in the court of public opinion a final brief for the Roosevelt Division. He rejoiced that a division was to be sent abroad under "so gallant and efficient a leader as General Pershing." Once more he proclaimed what we who knew him well believe was the guiding philosophy of his long public life: The public interest is above that of any individual.

THE names of the Roosevelt Division never appeared on an official muster roll. No voice ever called the Division to attention. Its standards never fluttered in the field—but the Division still lives in the memory of a fast diminishing few. It performed a service for its country that would hardly have been rendered by any of the units actually called to arms. It was a great and effective bit of propaganda in preparing the nation for war, in rousing the leaders of men throughout the nation and in deciding the Administration to send General Pershing to France without delay. It created a public opinion that made impossible any plan to play our part in the war merely by moral support and by furnishing money, munitions and supplies.

Heritage of Valor

(Continued from page 23)

from service in the army. Such is glory! Through my racing brain came snatches of the conversation of my two sons as they chattered about soldiers, all unmindful of the tumult going on in my mind. "Mom, didn't our Dad save the whole American Army? Didn't he use a machine gun mounted on a motorcycle like the one Dick Barthelmess used in the picture?"

I shuddered as my thoughts went back to the funeral. Two days before Christmas. No solemn throng come to pay tribute to a hero; no eloogy; only a half dozen people who had halted their Christmas shopping long enough to drop in at an undertaking parlor so that I wouldn't be all alone. No mourners here. I alone mourned, the rest merely were present. The hospital chaplain spoke a few meaningless words about heroes; from somewhere in the distance came the strains of "Some Sweet Day" and then silently the Legionnaires who were acting as pallbearers bore his body out to the hearse. Then followed the long trek to the cemetery. It was thirty below zero and the snow piled in drifts two or three feet deep. The three or more cars which made up the procession were obliged to stop frequently in order to dig the hearse out of the

snowdrifts. At the grave, the Legion ritual was read, and then the mournful notes of "Taps" rang out on the clear cold air. All was over. An unsung hero was laid to rest.

Back home, alone with my grief for a few short hours, then to pick up the threads of life where I had left off. It was almost Christmas and my babies did not know their father was dead. I had not told them. I felt I didn't want to spoil their Christmas. I went about doing the little things I could do to make it seem like Christmas. The children wouldn't miss their Dad so much. There had been other Christmases when he had been away from them in the hospital.

After the farce of a holiday was over, I took my babies on my knee and told them gently that their father was dead. I gave no details; just told them that he was so ill and tired he had gone to rest.

After a few days I returned to my work at the hospital. I knew from experience that jobs were hard to find and I couldn't risk giving up a good job because of sentiment. I gritted my teeth and faced the first days. No one will ever know what an effort it took to sit at my desk and face the very road where we had passed in bringing

William to the hospital, and it was over that same road they had carried his body out. Each time I raised my head I could see the building where he died. Outwardly I was calm, but inwardly I was suffering the tortures of Hell. But who gave a damn—I alone suffered. The rest looked on and marveled that I could be so calm. One learns to appear calm after years of suffering.

There followed a two-years' fight to establish a service-connection in order that my boys would receive a pension until they would reach the age when they could look out for themselves. I did not want it for myself. William had only received his pension two weeks before his death and never lived to enjoy it, but I felt that the Government owed it to my boys. Through the kind assistance of a Congressman I finally received a rating.

I was startled from my reminiscences by the sound of my boys' voices and I brought myself up with a start. "What did you say, son?" As I asked this I looked down into two eager little faces and heard my brown-eyed Dinny ask me: "Say, Mom, won't you be proud of me when I go away to war? Boy, I'll give the Germans plenty

to worry about like our Daddy did, won't I?" I looked from one child to the other and was overwhelmed with the feeling of awe which came over me. Who was I, to shatter the dreams of a child? What right had I to wreck the ideals which generations of worthy men had built up? Could I deliberately kill the enthusiasm that could bring such a look of wonder into a child's eyes?

Right then I made my decision and it seemed that the accumulation of ten years of hatred dropped from my shoulders. All the bitterness of those dreadful years passed from me and in their stead a quiet peacefulness possessed me.

I placed my arms around each tiny shoulder and talking as I went, I led them to the storeroom in the back of the house. There I dragged out a battered old trunk in which I had stored an accumulation of trash. From the very bottom where I had thrown them to get them out of my sight, I dragged out a dusty uniform, an overseas cap and a pair of canvas leggings. Further rummaging brought forth a tiny box and finally a copy of a "History of Company A, 102d Machine Gun Battalion, 26th Division."

Following a few moments of exclamations at the wonder of seeing such treasures, we all sat down on the floor of that dusty old storeroom and I opened the tiny box and showed my sons the Victory Medal with its five bars, the Silver Star and the bits of ribbon bars which the box held. I opened the history and turned the pages to the chapters which described that company's part in the battles over there. As I read each stirring story I checked off a bar on the Victory Medal until I had read them the descriptions of the Champagne-Marne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne and explained the meaning of the Defensive Sector. Then I told them how their Daddy earned the Silver Star, which entitled him to wear the Purple Heart (the honor which I had talked of with contempt but a few days before). Never will I forget the wonder in those big brown eyes. I had shown them that their Daddy was someone heroic. I had given them their Hero. War might have deprived them of their father, but it had substituted a glamorous Hero who would be enshrined in their memories forevermore.

FOR a few minutes all was bedlam as they divided the uniform, one taking the cap, trousers and leggings, the other the coat with the Victory Medal and Silver Star proudly pinned upon it. Then the tramp, tramp of little soldiers' marching feet died away in the distance.

As I sat there alone in the dusty old storeroom the growing dusk blotting out my surroundings, I looked into the past and saw row on row of white crosses, and I thought: "He does not lie in Flanders Field, but perhaps he too was in the mind of the man who wrote 'To you from failing hands we throw the torch; be yours to hold it high'." I had kindled the light. Please God, keep it ever bright.

PARDNER-SHAVING'S A TOUGH CHORE BECAUSE YOUR WHISKERS ARE WATERPROOF-SAME AS A DUCK'S BACK. COLGATE'S DE-WATERPROOF'S 'EM. MAKES SHAVING EASIER.



HE'S TOUGH!



Every whisker on your face is wrapped in a tough, waterproof coating of oil that makes it hard to cut.

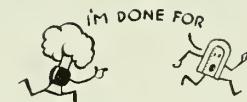


Once you remove every trace of that waterproof coating from every whisker, you get a shave as smooth as a barber's second time over.



But the trouble is—most shaving creams won't, can't remove all the waterproofing. Most shaving creams froth up into big bubbles—and you can't get a lot of big bubbles close around every whisker.

But Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream whips up into millions of tiny little bubbles.



Thousands of these tiny lather bubbles go to work on every single whisker you own. They crowd close to it. They completely surround it... strip every trace of waterproofing from it. These tiny bubbles emulsify that oily, waterproof coating—and wash it completely away.



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ONLY 25¢



DE-WATERPROOF
your whiskers—and
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Eternal Vigilance

(Continued from page 37)

"WHY LEAVE HER IN A FEVER?"



ONCE she hungered for his morning good-bye kiss. But lately the smudge from that venomous chimney leaves her hungering only for plenty of fresh air.

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of the entire fleet, was well qualified to set forth the requirements of the first line of defense. Senator David A. Reed of Pennsylvania, Mrs. Biester's home State, himself a veteran of the World War, a Legionnaire and for many years Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, disagreed with those people who think that preparedness for a military emergency brings on warfare and refuted their arguments by sketching the lamentable record of unpreparedness of the United States preceding every war in which the nation had engaged. He concluded his remarks by saying that "we are observing only the policy of intelligence when we of the patriotic societies, we of the veterans' organizations, insist that America shall be protected by actual resistance power from actual menaces of the world of today."

The second day's meeting was full of activity, with sessions both morning and afternoon and the conference dinner in the evening. After the advance of the colors, invocation and pledge to the flag, the assembled delegates and guests heard Rear Admiral Ernest J. King, Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics of the Navy, tell of "The Navy That Flies"—of the importance of aircraft and of airplane carriers.

The Army Reserve Corps was represented by Colonel C. D. Herron, Staff Engineer and executive in charge of all Reserve activities. Composed as it is of about 86,000 officers, Colonel Herron referred to the Reserve as "the cheap and economical component of the Army" and urged its support and development. The morning session concluded with an address by Harry H. Woodring, Assistant Secretary of War, on industrial preparedness.

An interesting innovation was successfully introduced at the third session of this year's conference—an open forum which had been recommended by the Advisory Committee following the 1933 meeting. Its purpose was to concentrate the minds of delegates upon the pertinent questions before the meeting. Mrs. O. D. Oliphant, Honorary Permanent Chairman of the Conference, presided at the forum and introduced the speakers. Major General Amos A. Fries, retired, Chairman of the National Defense Committee of The American Legion, answered the question, "Why National Defense?" The Commandant of the Army War College, Major General George S. Simonds, followed with a talk on "The Structure of our Military Establishment." Rear Admiral C. H. Woodward, member of the General Board of the Navy Department, discussed anti-preparedness propaganda, and Brigadier General C. H. Lyman of the United States Marine Corps explained the part played by his branch of the service in the general plan of national defense. That the delegates were keenly alert to the issues involved was attested by

the prompt, pertinent questions asked of this group of speakers, questions which kept these authoritative representatives of our military establishment on their toes.

"Woman's share in National Defense" was comprehensively set forth in an address by the Princess Cantacuzene, granddaughter of President Grant and National Chairman of the Auxiliary's National Defense Committee. Tracing the influence of women all through history, including our own pioneer days, she stated that the same spirit exists today and that American women's influence has now been increased through the granting of suffrage.

The conference dinner, at which Mrs. Biester presided as official hostess and toastmaster, served as the principal social event of the sessions and yet continued the purposes of the meeting. The banquet hall was crowded with the delegates and their guests. Many Senators and Representatives sat at the tables with delegates from their home States. Seated with Mrs. Biester on the dais were the national officers of the participating organizations and James M. Beck of Philadelphia, former Solicitor General of the United States, who was the only speaker of the evening.

In the course of his address Mr. Beck said: "It is very gratifying indeed that this organization of women should meet not to vaunt war, because none of you are militarists, but to exalt peace with justice and to be ready to fight for justice if it is necessary to maintain it at that ghastly sacrifice, which unfortunately it so often is. I say it is very fortunate because pacifists have generally recruited their numbers very largely from the ranks of women. This is not unnatural. Women have all the sufferings of war without any of its intoxicating excitement." Reiterating the oft-repeated story of America's unpreparedness when conflict came, he added, "Let me say finally that we cannot escape our share of the collective responsibility of civilization for the peace of the world. I do suggest that our western civilization, welded together by mechanical forces, requires each nation to play its part in preserving the peace of the world and always in a manner that is consistent with the maintenance of justice."

Following the formal opening ceremonies at the fourth and last session, Mrs. Mamie B. Schmidt, National President, National Auxiliary, United Spanish War Veterans, chairman of the Credentials Committee, reported that 580 accredited delegates had registered for the conference. Addresses were given by Henry L. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, J. J. McSwain, Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs of the House of Representatives, and Major General Hugh Drum, Deputy Chief of Staff of the Army. The chair during this session was occupied by several

of the Vice-Chairmen, including Mrs. Henry Bourne Joy, National President of the Daughters of Founders and Patriots of America, and Mrs. Margaret F. Anderson, National President of the Auxiliary of Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War.

The last order of business was consideration of and adoption of the report of the Resolutions Committee which was presented by Mrs. Alfred J. Brosseau, Past President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution and delegate from the Rhode Island Association of Patriots. In all, twenty-five resolutions were favorably reported by the committee and approved by the conference. These included a demand that no exemptions or discriminations be made in our immigration laws and that the Immigration Act of 1924 be rigidly enforced and amended to exclude for two years additional immigrants seeking employment here; that all aliens be registered; that the formation of groups of persons holding foreign allegiance be stopped and citizenship not be granted to persons who claim exemption from national duties; that aliens disseminating propaganda be deported; a plea that the constitutional powers of Congress shall be maintained, whereby the security of the nation and appropriations for national defense shall be assured; and that in the spending of public funds in unemployment relief, citizenship be made a prerequisite to employment paid for by such funds.

Other resolutions called upon the Government to bring the Navy up to treaty strength, urged the authorization of a new naval aircraft program, the proper and effective carrying out of the provisions of the National Defense Act, necessary aid to the merchant marine, better protection of the national emblem, the proper support and equipment of the R. O. T. C., and protested against the spreading of subversive and radical influences in schools, colleges and universities.

Immediately following the adjournment of the conference, the Extension Committee met and elected officers for the 1935 meeting. The National President of The American Legion Auxiliary will serve as Chairman and the heads of the following organizations as First to Fifth Vice-Chairmen, respectively: Women's Overseas Service League, Rhode Island Association of Patriots, American War Mothers, National Society of New England Women and the National Society, Daughters of Founders and Patriots of America. Mrs. Percy Young Schelly of the Dames of the Loyal Legion of the U. S. A. was re-elected Secretary, and Miss Helen O'Neil of the National Yeomen F was chosen for the office of Treasurer.

Led by the Chairman, Mrs. William H. Biester, Jr., the women of the conference made a pilgrimage to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington Cemetery, where a wreath was placed with the pledge of continued active interest in necessary defense of the country for which he and thousands of his comrades had given their lives.



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can escape oxide coating. Go today and have your plugs cleaned—stop waste of gasoline and loss of power—regain good performance and satisfaction. Have badly worn plugs replaced.



Before Cleaning

After a few thousand miles, oxide film, soot or carbon coats spark plug insulators, wasting gas, impairing performance. This plug is worn, its spark gap too wide. This is an unretouched photo.



After Cleaning

New AC cleaning method removes all oxide coating, soot and carbon. Insulator is clean as new, spark gap correctly adjusted, saving gas, renewing performance. This photograph is unretouched.



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THE QUALITY SPARK PLUG

These Constitute a State

(Continued from page 25)

107 Legionnaires, fifty-nine Auxiliary members, seventeen Boy Scouts and thirty-three citizens in twelve minutes. This out of a total of 155 members.

How does the plan function in a great crisis?

AT FIVE minutes to six o'clock on the evening of March 10, 1933, the earth shook and heaved. Six hundred square miles of thickly populated land were in ruins. Houses tumbled in; buildings crashed to earth; telephone and telegraph wires snarled in tangles; lights went black and broken gas mains belched deadly fumes. Thousands of people were homeless, dazed, panic-stricken. Hundreds lay injured and hundreds more dead. Long Beach and Compton were ruins enshrouded in fog.

At six-seventeen o'clock, twenty minutes after the first shake, Arthur L. Peterson Post of Long Beach was on the air with an improvised short wave length station, W6-BYF, summoning the Legionnaires, forwarding orders for medicine, food, blankets, telling where the greatest need was. The men stayed on the job until Navy units from San Pedro supplied relief operators.

At six-thirty the first Auxiliary first aid unit was caring for injured. By nine o'clock 2,200 Legionnaires had reported and were at work. By noon the following day, 15,000 Legionnaires and five thousand Auxiliary women were on duty in the stricken area. Los Angeles County had three-fourths of its 20,000 Legionnaires in action.

There is no need or space to recount all that they did. When an outfit is handling traffic, recovering dead and injured, guarding against looting, spotting water tanks, building latrines and doing kitchen police, distributing thousands of gallons of milk, running mess kitchens to feed thousands of refugees, using up hundreds of truck-loads of food, the details would fill a book. The record proves that organization and drill and departmental unity put the Legion to work before, as Mayor Pomeroy of South Gate put it, "the bricks stopped falling."

Disasters are, of course, spectacular events that arouse instant emotion and desire to help; and we know that the Legion elsewhere in the nation has responded magnificently whenever calamity has struck. The proof of the value of the California plan would seem to lie, then, in how it responds to a more normal situation—say to a national campaign to help the State and nation.

The California Department's work for conservation and fire prevention, which work contributed largely to winning the Drain Trophy in 1933, is a good case in point. The idea of taking a leading part in fire prevention, originating at California's Long Beach convention in 1931, was adopted the same year as a national task

by the Detroit convention. California went to work without delay.

Here again we find a department commission appointed which in turn establishes area and district authorities who create committees in posts and *see that they work*.

Now, at that time the annual damage from fire in California for the preceding ten years had averaged about \$1,200,000 annually, destroying nearly a million acres of land. With these facts as a jumping-off point the Department could during 1933 prove whether its fire conservation campaign was doing any good.

Every agency that could help was immediately enlisted; these included the National Regional Forester, State Division of Foresters, chambers of commerce, fire-fighting organizations and fraternal associations.

It was found that one of the chief causes of fires was the careless motorist who flicked matches and lighted cigarettes from moving cars. Here, then, was a definite objective to attack.

Twenty thousand post members signed pledges to work, and were supplied through the Department with co-operator's cards on which they wrote the license numbers of motorists whom they had seen careless with fire. In turn the department commission chairman wrote courteous letters to such motorists calling their attention to the holocaust their carelessness might cause. One hundred thousand crimson windshield stickers were distributed, 50,000 through the quarantine stations to be supplied to visiting motorists. Radio talks and speeches before schools and local fraternal organizations were arranged by the hundred. Pamphlets calling attention to the hazards of fire were distributed.

The State Forester's report for 1932 tells the story. Instead of 854,409 acres of land being destroyed at a loss of \$1,195,328.78, as was the case in 1931, his report showed 148,748 acres of land destroyed at a loss of \$133,497.35, a decrease of 71 percent. Normal annual fluctuation in fire losses cannot account for such a sharp decrease. The campaign enlarged in 1933, and this year finds the greater efficiency that comes with experience.

THE Drain Trophy is not awarded for disaster relief alone, nor yet for one successful campaign. The next thing, then, was to see how the California organization kept its posts functioning in local community betterment projects, in welfare work, Americanism, and the many national endeavors which are continuing efforts. Enthusiastic Jim Fisk, the Department Adjutant, when I called on him ordered brought in two huge bound volumes that must have contained a million words each.

"These are the merit reports," he grinned. "Just glance through them."

Here again I was witness to the same sort of organization efficiency and prompt post response that I have described before.

Along about May of each year Jim Fisk mails to each post an Annual Merit Report blank which must be filled in with a complete detailed history of the post's year's activities, signed by the Post Commander and Adjutant, and officially attested by the local civic authorities. There are 404 posts in California and in those enormous two volumes were 494 reports, most of them with exhibits. That response in itself ought to be a record of some sort.

It is impossible here to enumerate the subheadings, which listed almost every possible community service. But here are the fourteen major subjects which must be reported on: (1) Americanism, (2) Community Betterment, (3) Boy Scout, (4) Post Organization, (5) Emergency Relief, (6) Patriotic Observances, (7) Participation in Department and National Conventions, (8) Post Athletics, (9) Welfare Work, (10) Publicity, (11) Membership, (12) Post Band, Orchestra, Drum Corps, Drill or Rifle Teams, (13) Response to Departmental and National Campaigns, (14) Other Forms of Activity.

It is the fact that every post reported something on each subject, not only because good organization demanded it, but because for every one of the important items above enumerated department cups are awarded which keep competition keen.

AND this tradition of community service plus the necessity of reporting in detail has given the Department of California a precise annual accounting of what its posts have done, so that when the Department presents its report competing for the Drain Trophy it has complete facts and figures to buttress its claim.

Under the Boy Scout item I noticed a significant fact relating again to this firmly-knit organization scheme from department commission to post committee; out of 494 posts there are three hundred Legion-sponsored Scout troops, Sea Scout ships and cub packs; and the Auxiliary has eighty-two sponsored Girl Scout units, and sixty-four Campfire groups besides eighteen girls' clubs. And your attention can be called to the Loyalty Parade of last year when, at a given signal, every post mustered its members, marched to the meeting place, and all Legionnaires recited the preamble to the Constitution of the United States and to the Legion Constitution, and repledged their fealty to America.

Three very active department commissions are the Aeronautic, Community Betterment, and Welfare. Consequently everywhere you drive in the State you see Legion safety traffic signs; you find buildings hugely lettered for aviation guidance; and in the merit reports you find every post reporting faithfully its visitations to hos-

pitals with distribution of reading matter, cigarettes, candies and other comforts. And you discover each post taking care of its own indigent veterans. Practically every post sponsored a community Christmas tree, and the toys and candies distributed ran into tons and tons.

In a Department that disbursed 392 school merit awards in 1933 it can be expected that emphasis is being placed on the education of youth. And so, perusing these voluminous documents, you can find virtually every post furnishing speakers to schools on patriotic occasions and contributing to the civic celebration of such events.

Under unusual items could be listed La Mesa Post, whose members, hearing the emergency disaster call from the local fire department, turned out en masse and finally with the illumination of their automobile headlights lighted an emergency landing field for a squadron of Navy planes forced down by fog. And then there is Amador Post of Jackson, whose members, knowing their community had no hospital and that it was fifty miles to the nearest one, bought an ambulance, manned it with volunteer chauffeurs. It makes an average of 597 calls a year. Anaheim Post turned out forty members to aid the police in an auto theft round-up. Literally hundreds of such services were described, just as there were hundreds of reports on post and post-sponsored athletics that listed practically every outdoor game.

After reading scores of these Merit Reports there was one inevitable conclusion: Through its sensitive organization the California Department has been enabled to keep not just one community betterment project going, but to keep the posts interested in all of them.

And the reason why all the posts respond as they do lies in the ability to get a thing started at the top and take it right down to the posts and get them working. It is a significant fact that in looking over the reports of the commission chairmen I saw that they averaged around 6,000 miles of travel a year, much at their own expense.

There is one last discovery which to me is very impressive. Entering as a stranger into California I found that the Legion of California is respected by the state government, well-liked by all community regimes, and regarded affectionately by the people of California generally.

My own opinion is that this high regard is based on the fact that the Legion almost every day is seen by the people locally performing some act for the welfare of the community; that in times of stress the State sees the Legion spring to the relief of the afflicted.

In short, the people of California constantly observe the Legion at its real task of giving unselfish service in time of peace. And thus presented with visual evidence of what the Legion really means and does, those who brand it otherwise get no hearing.

There's a lesson for all of us in that.

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As the Farmer Goes, So Goes America

(Continued from page 19)

had been increasing from year to year since 1928, and of itself was enough to drive prices down. The cotton situation was the same. There could be little hope for permanent price recovery in either field until those surpluses were disposed of. Brazil had a similar problem with coffee which the government solved by dumping into the Atlantic about enough coffee to last the world for a year. Our present orderly industrial revolution has adopted less violent means.

The World War threw 40,000,000 acres in Europe out of production, but Europeans had to eat in wartime and so our facilities for agricultural production were expanded accordingly. In this way Europe ran up a large debt to us, quite apart from the official government "war debts." When peace came the only way it could pay this debt was in manufactured goods and other European things we liked to have.

Instead of encouraging this trade we started to jack up the tariff. Europe retaliated with tariffs of its own, shutting out our wheat. By this time its own war-torn fields had been rehabilitated, and tariff or no tariff, it was plain that we should have had no market of wartime proportions to support the vast new areas we had turned into wheat fields. Thus the surplus grew. It was idle to tell the American farmer to cut his acreage when he was up against a proposition that induced him to increase his acreage. Suppose a farmer owed \$100. With wheat at a dollar that meant he would have to thresh a hundred bushels to pay his debt. When wheat dropped to thirty cents he had to thresh three hundred bushels. So it was all very well to tell the farmer to reduce his acreage, but at the same time you had to provide some means of keeping the sheriff away until the benefits of that reduced acreage could reflect themselves in better prices at a grain elevator in Nebraska. That is a very compact statement of what AAA is doing.

With the beginning of the cotton plow-under program last summer the Government started reimbursing farmers for restricting their harvests. Since that time it has paid out, or will pay out during the rest of 1934, more than \$800,000,000 to co-operating farmers. On top of this it has loaned or is prepared to loan \$450,000,000 to farmers, taking warehouse receipts for produce as security. This \$1,250,000,000 is put in the flat purses of our agriculturists to tide them over until prices are self-sustaining. Small wonder our country cousins are feeling better. "Small wonder, indeed," more than one captious city critic has exclaimed. "What class of people couldn't make headway against the depression with an outright gift of a billion plus from the U. S. Treasury? We are paying our farmers for loafing."

The essential thing to consider about such criticism is that it is untrue. The New Deal plan for agriculture will cost the Treasury nothing except the running expenses of the AAA organization. This billion and a quarter the farmer is getting to tide him over until prices reach the proper levels falls into two categories: (1) benefit payments for which the Treasury is reimbursed by processing taxes, as will be mentioned later, and (2) loans with interest on security worth at current quotations more than the money advanced. The New Deal has some irons in the fire that are costing the Treasury so much money as to give rise to cause for genuine concern. The Civil Works Administration is one such project, but AAA is not.

THE Agricultural Adjustment Act became a law last May. The time in which to do anything with crops then standing was so short that the Government decided not to bite off more than it could chew. Mother Nature was taking care of the wheat situation. A dry winter had cut the estimated yield more drastically than man could have done, so AAA confined its attention to cotton, where an opposite state of affairs obtained.

In a desperate effort to cope with falling prices cotton plantings had been increased within recent years from thirty to forty-seven million acres, and the surplus from four to thirteen million bales. With weather conditions ideal in the South the anticipated yield of the 1933 crop was 17,000,000 bales, which would have added at least 4,000,000 to the already disastrous surplus, even after allowing for an increase of consumption through the pickup in mill activity. With a 17,000,000-bale crop the South feared another year of five-cent cotton, and this would have been ruinous. It was too late to speak of restricting plantings. The cotton had been planted and was maturing. Secretary of Agriculture Wallace undertook an experiment unique in the history of the world and against every instinct of the farmer since the dawn of history. He offered every individual farmer who would drive a plow into his field and destroy one-fourth of his crop from six to seven cents a pound for the cotton turned under.

The plan worked. One million forty-two thousand one hundred and fifteen growers accepted the offer and destroyed 10,399,331 acres of the finest cotton a man ever saw. For this they received Treasury checks in the amount of \$111,423,243 and options on government cotton acquired by the old Federal Farm Board worth another \$47,632,000. The result was the beginning of an economic transformation of the prostrate cotton States. Delinquent taxes were paid, banks began collecting on notes they had long since written off,

closed schools were reopened, stores reported increased business and money began flowing into the industrial centers with orders for clothing, farm implements and supplies, household goods, automobiles, paint and lumber.

Nor was this all. The 10,000,000 acres removed from production cut the cotton crop to 13,000,000 bales, which with the stimulation of industrial activity, in part caused by the plow-under checks, is all going to be worked up into fabrics before the 1934 crops come on the market this fall. Moreover the price of cotton has crept up to around nine cents, the result being that American planters will receive for their 1933 crop around \$857,000,000, including plow-under benefits, instead of the \$426,000,000 they received for the same size crop in 1932.

While AAA was doing this for the cotton planters Nature made good for the wheat growers, the drought reducing the yield so far beneath the current rate of consumption that the troublesome surplus will be diminished from 390,000,000 to about 240,000,000. Yet farmers received for this light crop about as much as they received for a big crop the year before because the price of wheat jumped from forty to eighty cents a bushel.

While these things were going on AAA made its dispositions for the 1934 campaign. This year the possible good offices of Nature are being left out of the reckoning and the Department of Agriculture will control production, not of cotton alone, but of the four other basic crops named in the Adjustment Act—wheat, corn, tobacco and rice; and also dairy products and hogs. Swine are the only livestock involved because the diet of hogs being principally corn, it was considered impracticable to attempt to divorce the two. An excess production of corn, such as we have had in the past few years, invariably results in an excess of hogs. Looking forward to a reduced corn acreage for 1934 as well as better prices for both corn and hogs, the Department last September bought up and slaughtered 162,000,000 pigs, distributing the pork to families on the poor-relief rolls.

This year there will be no plowing under of standing crops to avert a surplus. The surplus will not be planted. Sowings will be kept under current needs so as to reduce the surpluses already on hand. To this end AAA is renting from co-operating farmers land which otherwise might be cultivated. The aim is to take 8,000,000 acres or fifteen percent of the total out of wheat production, another 5,000,000 acres out of the nation's cotton patch, and ten to fifteen million acres or about twelve and a half percent out of the corn acreage. The plans for tobacco call for cuts running from thirty to fifty percent, according to grade, and rice twenty percent. The proposed cut in the hog population is fifteen to twenty million head. The dairy situation is complicated by the local character of price arrangements. (Continued on page 50)

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As the Farmer Goes, So Goes America

(Continued from page 49)

ments. Some flexible plan will be attempted, but at this writing details are uncertain.

Early indications are that the crop programs will be successful. Their local administration is in the hands of the farmers themselves grouped in thousands of county organizations. Troubles are being met and surmounted. Last year a cotton farmer was glad to plow under his plants on a promise of six or seven cents a pound because he feared he might not get that much after going to the trouble of picking it. This year the assured market prices will be in excess of the rental price of the land.

Thus the attraction to holdouts to plant full acreage and profit by the sacrifice of their fellows who limit their fields and make good prices possible. It has been found, however, that this can be handled fairly well by local sentiment, which is preponderantly in favor of the AAA restrictions. The farmer who does not sign up is going to be very unpopular with his neighbors. Cotton planters are threatening to adopt means of their own to curb chiselers since under the law the Government has no powers of coercion.

These rentals from farmers and indemnities to hog raisers foot up to \$800,000,000. Checks are now being mailed by the Treasury at the rate of more than a million dollars a day on receipt of certificates from the local county boards identifying the

individual farmers who have reduced their acreages.

This money is coming back to the Treasury in the form of taxes assessed against the first processor or refiner of the raw product, be it cotton, wheat, pork, corn, rice or tobacco. The processing tax on cotton is 4.2 cents a pound, on wheat twenty cents a bushel. This is passed along and absorbed by manufacturers, millers, jobbers, wholesalers, retailers and consumers. Probably John Consumer pays most of it, though no data as yet collected bears out any such sweeping statement. Farmers are consumers of many of the finished products of their fields, and to this extent are making their own contributions to the kitty.

In any event the tax is working a hardship on no one and is doing wonders for the farmer, whose prosperity is immediately communicated to the rest of us. In 1929 American farmers spent \$278,000,000 for repairs on their buildings alone. In 1932 they spent \$75,000,000. In 1929 they spent \$513,000,000 for agricultural implements and machinery, in 1932 \$56,000,000. In 1929 they spent \$403,000,000 for automobiles and trucks, in 1932 \$56,000,000. It is believed that expenditures for some of these items this year will touch the 1929 figure.

It is not difficult to grasp what this is meaning to industrial payrolls and communities dependent upon them. Forty

million persons live on farms in the United States. Of the 90,000,000 remaining at least 20,000,000 reside in communities that are entirely dependent on farm income. The rest of us eat the foods and wear the clothing that farmers produce. Naturally we wish to buy these articles at prices that are reasonably cheap. Of recent years we have bought them at prices that are unreasonably cheap, and for this we have suffered along with the tillers of the soil.

A year ago 4,200,000 city workers were unemployed because farmers did not have the money to buy what they would normally buy to make themselves comfortable. Moreover these unemployed persons threw out of work another 2,000,000 wage-earners dependent for their jobs on markets sustained by the 4,200,000. So it went: more than 6,000,000 unemployed as a result of the bankruptcy of agriculture. When \$5,000,000,000 have been added to the annual farm income those people will all be on the pay rolls again. That is the goal of AAA. Its progress toward it is ahead of expectations and has put a big hole in the it-simply-can't-be-done arguments. Now the enthusiasts of Secretary Wallace's organization speak of attaining this goal by the end of 1935.

This concludes Mr. James's series of four articles on features of the national recovery program.

Thicker Than Water

(Continued from page 17)

for the present," Healy said, and leaving the Frenchmen to guess what he meant, he went to the south door and stepped out into the dim morning light. A thicket of wild figs, resembling almost a hedge, stretched from the corner of the old chateau back toward the stables. Healy walked quickly toward it.

IN THE dining hall, Captain Wall was demanding of the maid that he be permitted to look at the porcelains.

"The pilgrim flask, first," he said.

She dropped her apron from her eyes and pointed to a tall case with glass doors.

"Voilà, m'sieur . . . all the porcelains . . ."

Her eyes bulged open. The shelves toward which she gestured stood empty.

"Where?" the captain repeated.

"Oh, m'sieur . . . this morning . . . I swear I saw them! After madame was . . . dead . . . I looked. Immediately, m'sieur. I thought . . . oh, I know not what I thought, except perhaps that is why poor madame is killed . . . because somebody wants her beautiful porcelains. I look, and every piece is in place . . ."

"But gone now," Wall replied sharply. He stood a moment scowling at her. Then he left her abruptly, and stepped back into the great room, and trying to appear unhurried, mounted the stair.

Olivier and Samson were talking earnestly to the gendarme. Façon, standing with Bertrand on the hearth, came a short step forward and shouted:

"Where do you go, m'sieur?"

"Upstairs, if it's anything to you," Wall answered, and went on.

He felt them watching his back until he reached the top.

There were nine rooms on the upper floor, not including the servants' quarters, which had their own stairway. The countess' apartment, Wall knew, consisted of a cheerful sitting room, directly above the trophies, and a small, rather dark bedchamber in the tower itself.

The door of the suite was open. Quietly the captain stepped into it and turned on his flashlight. A desk stood between the two south windows. Its top drawer was pulled out, revealing a disordered mass of papers and account books, and on the floor,

upside down, lay a basket which apparently had contained correspondence. At least letters, probably half a dozen, now lay scattered near it, out of their envelopes.

The captain did not pick them up. He knew better than to touch anything in this room without Healy or someone else along to see him do it. But one of two things certainly was apparent. The countess either had left her room in a great hurry last night or someone had searched it since. For what, then? A letter? The maid's story, if it could be trusted, mentioned a letter.

In the bedchamber itself, the countess' bed, with its high posts and lavender silk draperies, stood unopened. Wall glanced at it, then tip-toed back into the hall. He would return here later with Healy. In the meantime . . . again if Hortense were telling the truth . . . where were the porcelains?

A dark passage with three doors ran back on the right of the countess' own suite. The first was Samson's. Wall tried the door and found it locked. The senator was discreet!

Next was his own room. He did not re-enter it. To search there further for his

missing revolver was useless. And the room beyond his own, as well as the first one at the front of the building, had not been occupied last night. Their doors were open; he entered both and searched, but found nothing.

Olivier's room also was prudently locked. Only Façon's, in the southwest corner, gave easy entrance.

Wall halted and listened. Below stairs rose a buzz of excited French. As he pressed open Façon's door, he realized that the collector might be no less canny than the others . . . both lock and chain on this door were broken; Façon could not have fastened it had he wished.

The fellow was untidy in other things than dress. A pair of baggy trousers trailed out of his open handbag, and the bed and table were in disorder. Under the pillow Wall found a small bottle. He took out its cork and sniffed.

"Absinthe hound, eh?" he muttered, and replaced the bottle. But he found nothing else. The porcelains were not here, and he had thought he would find them here. Certainly one might expect to, remembering how Façon fondled them.

In the corridor he listened again. Olivier was saying: "But my brigadier . . ."

There remained only one room, on the right of Façon's. Its door, too, was unlocked. A musty smell greeted Wall as he opened it. He pulled out his flashlamp and pressed the button.

With the exception of the countess' sitting room, this was by far the largest room on the upper floor, and used simply as a storage loft. The windows were tightly shuttered. The flashlamp discovered, however, a clutter of worn out furniture and old draperies, cast-off chair legs, ancient chests, heaps of bedding, all overlaid with a thick coating of dust.

Wall was backing out when the beam of his lamp, sweeping the floor, came to a quick halt. In the circle of light were the fresh prints of a man's shoes. The tracks entered the door, moved left and right as if their owner had been groping in the darkness, then circled a table and halted before a clothes press.

The prints were so recent that the marks of the rubber ridges on the patent soles were easily distinguishable. Wall leaned closer. Clearly imprinted in reverse on the dust were the words, "Philips' soles."

Avoiding the tracks, he approached the clothes press and jerked open its tall doors. The press was empty and smelled of camphor. He stood a moment, peering into it, then with his right hand felt along its dusty top.

The hand stopped abruptly. He had found what he was seeking.

His fingers closed on a smooth, square object, which he lifted down. It was the porcelain bottle, once a gift to the King of Spain, for which the countess last night had refused two hundred thousand francs.

He was putting it back, at the same time feeling along the top for the other pieces, when a footstep (Continued on page 52)



"YES, MOTHER. *She's right here*"

AT THE close of the day, at the end of the week, at the turn of the year, when your mind ranges back to sum it up, what counts for most?

Is it not the people you spoke to and what you said to them and what they said to you? The ideas born in conversation, the new slant given to your thoughts by a word or two, the greetings and farewells, the advice and the admonitions, the hopes confessed and questions answered—these and a thousand other vocal expressions of human contact make up the story of our lives.

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Thicker Than Water

(Continued from page 51)

sounded behind him. He jerked around too late. The stick that crashed down caught him squarely between the eyes and felled him.

WHEN Corporal Healy let himself out of the south door, he had a very definite idea of how the murder occurred, of who attacked Bertrand, even where he would find Captain Wall's .45 caliber revolver.

As to motives, there were two which he considered both possible and plausible. One hinged on the porcelains . . . at which, by the way, he had not yet looked. The other . . . and certainly he possessed sufficient evidence to support this idea . . . he would keep to himself for the time being. Too many of the men within the castle, even Wall, poor hombre, still admired the countess.

He felt in his pocket for cigarettes; lighted one, then walked slowly around the corner of the castle away from the river. From this east side of the lodge he could see the small slits that let its meagre light into the gun room, beyond them the tall dining hall windows, and, above, the shutters of the bedrooms along this side.

As he had expected, the turf under the open window of the gun room was undisturbed. Squatting down on his heels, he puffed at his cigarette and looked in turn at every opening. For several minutes his eyes traveled speculatively from windows to ground, and back again. Then, throwing away the cigarette, he got up and went down toward the straggling fig trees. At a point somewhat opposite the middle upper windows, he broke into the thicket and began to search.

Ten minutes later he emerged, scratched of face, and carrying an American army revolver. Swinging it by a loop of his handkerchief through the trigger guard, touching its corners only cautiously with his fingertips, he broke it open and stared into the chamber.

All right. He had the gun, a .45 caliber. Now he'd have a look at the chinaware.

But as he rounded the tower, he saw Bertrand rushing down the steps, gesticulating.

"Quick, m'sieur! The assassin! He has come again!"

Healy ran. He reached the upper hall in time to see the brigadier carrying Wall from a storage loft into Façon's room, adjoining. Olivier and Samson blocked the doorway. The corporal pushed them aside.

Wall lay, only half-conscious, in Façon's untidy bed. Blood still spurted from a wound in his forehead.

"Well, which of you guys done *this*?" Healy demanded, swinging on the three Frenchmen.

"He fell . . . hurt himself," Samson began. Then he paused abruptly. He had perceived what Healy carried.

"You have discovered it," the senator cried, eyes bulging, "the captain's weapon?" He reached excitedly for it.

"Keep your hands where they belong," Healy warned. "Sure, I discovered it, right out there in the bushes. This your gun, Captain?"

"Mine?" Wall echoed. He made an effort to sit up. "Mine? Then somebody . . ."

Samson demanded: "Will you arrest him now, my Brigadier?"

A knock on the door interrupted and Bertrand and the maid entered with hot water and towels.

"We'll have to wash that cut, sir," Healy proposed.

"Not now." The captain had sat up.

"Easy, sir, easy," Healy said, but before he could prevent it, Wall slowly swung his feet off the bed and was crossing the floor unsteadily toward Façon.

"Watch him!" Olivier shouted.

The collector had dropped into a seat on the low window sill a minute before. His short legs stretched out before him, soles of his shoes up.

"You!" Wall cried hoarsely.

He pulled at Façon's right foot. "There it is . . . a 'Philips' . . ."

"Stop it!" Façon cried, and the gendarme yelled, "Zut! Let the citizen alone, you wild American!"

"You're the one, Façon," Wall accused. "That may be my gun, but you killed her for those porcelains."

Façon cried, "The man is mad!"

"You hid the porcelains on top of that cupboard," Wall said. He turned excitedly to Healy. "The footprints are in there on the floor, Corporal. 'Philips' Soles' plain as day in the dust . . . here's the guy hit me . . ."

"Wait a minute, sir, wait a minute," Healy pleaded.

Olivier and Samson sprang to Façon's defense.

"How about the weapon?" Olivier shouted, but Healy silenced him.

"I've got something to say myself—give me a chance," he said. "I'll look in there first though at what the captain's talking about. After that . . . come along, Brigadier." The two were gone only a minute. Returning, Healy said to Façon, "It's you tucked the porcelains away, all right, but it was this gun killed the lady."

"Prove it!" Wall yelled.

He staggered, exhausted, into a seat.

"I did hide the porcelains there," the collector admitted. "Today when we find a murder, I think first of them. Are they safe? Yes, I discover, they are safe so far, but if we have an outlaw among us, when will he find them?" He mopped his face. "They are too valuable to be left unwatched. So while the captain is gone for help, I carry them upstairs. My room has no lock, I must dispose of them where no thief will find them."

"Bushwah!" Wall cried. "You hit me . . ."

"Oui," the other agreed, "I discover you there in the dark, I think naturally you are the thief."

Healy pushed a chair toward him.

"Leave it go at that," he said. "It's got nothing to do with the murder."

"Everything," Samson protested.

The corporal shook his head. "This gun killed the lady," he repeated.

"Prove it!" Wall flared again.

"Give me time, sir. The girl," he nodded toward Hortense, "heard a sound like a door slamming at two o'clock. So did Bertrand."

"And I," Façon added.

"Whole house heard it," Healy said. "Only it wasn't a door. It was the first shot."

"Oh, no," Samson protested.

Healy ignored him. "That's how a shot would sound in a little room built the way that tower is. Go take a gun and try it. The countess was killed at two o'clock. If she wasn't dead at the time of the fight, why didn't she come running out to stop it?"

"Guess work," Olivier pronounced.

"Facts," Healy said. "If you don't believe them, take a look at this."

He broke the gun, exposing the end of the cylinder with its six cartridges. Captain Wall rose unsteadily and peered over the corporal's shoulder. Two of the shells showed the small sharp indentations of the firing pin.

"There were two shots, you see," the corporal said, "first one inside the gun room, second one outdoors, just like you all thought. The first one killed her. Second was only camouflage. She's been dead an hour, the guy argues, and nobody knows it yet, so it must be time for an alarm. He shoots out the window . . ."

"Preposterous," Samson exclaimed.

"... and throws the gun out the window into the bushes. Which ain't such a bad way to get rid of it, at that. The trouble is, he don't know about the gal's toothache, hasn't any idea that she's been overhearing the lady talk. And what was she talking about? A letter. A letter that would blow up somebody's reputation just like a G. I. can."

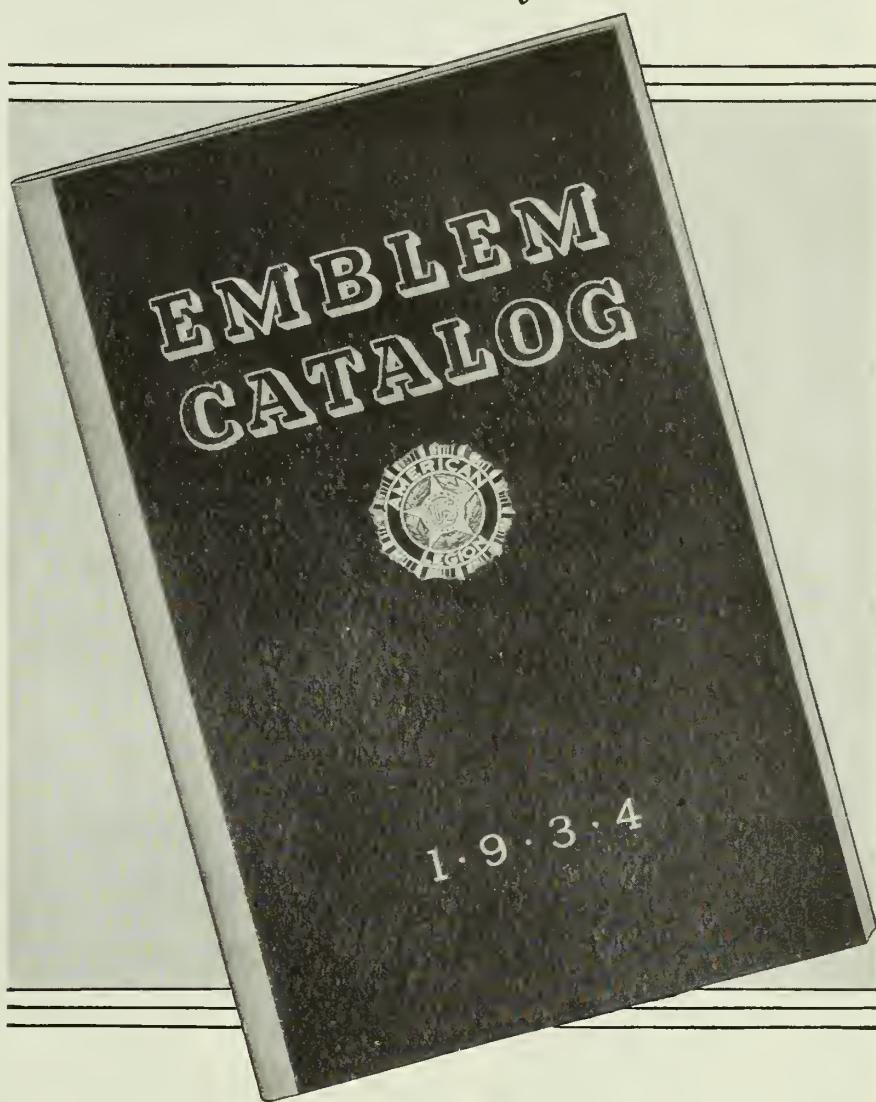
"Get to the point, Corporal," Wall demanded. "Who killed her?"

"You see, sir," Healy said amiably, "the first thing you tell me this morning about the countess sets me thinking. No, not the cigar. She could chew eating tobacco for all I care, but that blackmail story about the old count . . . well, if she blackmailed once, she might again."

"That story is a canard!" Olivier objected.

Healy shrugged. "You're what we call an easy mark, big boy . . . not the only one around here, either." He glanced at Captain Wall. "You'll admit she's dead broke, but she turns down a good offer for the porcelains, just the same. Says . . . what was it, Captain (Continued on page 54)

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Thicker Than Water

(Continued from page 53)

. . . there's easier ways of getting money?" No one answered him.

"So we have a motive. The shut-her-up-quick motive. Only, when this party has killed her, he gets excited and runs to see if maybe somebody has heard him, and he bumps into Bertrand."

Wall asked huskily for a cigarette. Healy supplied it.

"And Bertrand busts a glass over the fellow's head," he went on, "cuts hell out of him and there's blood on the floor for proof. It can't all belong to Bertrand. He's only got a jab on his hand, so whose blood is it? The door is chained, so we know it's one of you." He paused. "But nobody's got a scratch that we can see."

Samson nodded and Façon chewed his thumbnail.

"So I guessed the truth right away," Healy said.

Before anyone could move he stepped over to Samson, caught the preposterous black wig in his fingers and jerked.

Samson cried out, "Savage!"

Wall leaped to his feet. Even Olivier shouted.

For the top of the senator's bald skull was crossed and re-crossed with wide new gashes. He put up his hands to conceal them.

"Here's the guy that killed her," Healy said.

"But no!" Samson cried. "But no!"

He looked from one to another imploringly.

No one spoke.

"My hair, m'sieur," he said weakly. "Please, my hair. I can explain."

Healy tossed him the wig.

"Put it on," he bade, "you look half undressed."

Samson's fingers shook. He dropped the wig, picked it up.

"That woman," he said finally, "she is the witch! She *does* try blackmail. How you guess it, m'sieur, I do not know. But yesterday in the afternoon as soon as I come, before I am in the house, she begins her lies." He hesitated.

"She has a letter," Healy prompted.

Samson nodded. "From a journalist in Paris. It charges that in the Division of Rehabilitation I am not honest. Me! She will sell that letter to me . . . for two hundred thousand francs, m'sieurs! Just what she would get for the porcelains." He paused again.

"Quite like I had it doped out," Healy said. "You went up to bed mad and came down in the night and . . ."

Samson corrected him.

"We arrange to meet after the others are retired," he confessed. "We will have quiet discussion. I come to the gun room. But still she will not listen to reason. I must pay her the money, or . . ." he shrugged, and on the next words his voice rose. "I do not intend to kill her!"

"Why go into Captain Wall's room, then, before dinner, and take his gun?"

Healy asked.

"After dinner, m'sieur, to protect myself."

Brigadier Ravale demanded: "You kill madame? Vile pig! You?"

Bertrand hit a bed post with his fist.

"But no!" he cried. "No, no. The man I fought was big . . ."

"He looked big to you," the corporal

said. "Anybody, jumping on you in the dark, looks big. You looked the same way to Hortense. She says you were *both* big."

"You searched madame's room," Wall accused Samson.

"For the letter, yes. I do not find it."

"Maybe there wasn't any," Healy said. There was another silence.

"Ah, m'sieurs . . ." Samson begged.

Healy shook his head.

"Too bad," he said. "The lady probably had coming all she got. Only . . . here's your baby, Brigadier. Take him away."

Olivier spoke embarrassedly. "Your pardon, M'sieur Wall." He stretched out his one hand.

"You tried to gang me," Captain Wall said, refusing the hand. "Wasn't for Healy, I'd be in the jug now."

Healy grinned. "Vacation story was true, sir," he said. "I needed one, all right. Only while I was having it, I was to watch an M. P. officer, too."

"An officer?" Wall demanded.

"You, sir. Provost marshal general got a report from a whiteheaded fellow named Olivier, claimed you wasn't tending to business, just hanging 'round thisdump . . ."

Wall gasped, and Olivier quickly left the room.

"I'll say in my report there's nothing to it, sir, nothing but jealousy."

Captain Wall saluted. "Glad I met you last night, Healy," he said. "Goodbye. I'm going."

"Home?"

"Home! Fast as I can get there," Wall said. "Shrevesburg, Ohio. There's a town for you. Full of Americans."

Up Goes the Ceiling

(Continued from page 21)

conditions. On my first abortive attempt I knew that my valve cord was sticking before I left the fair grounds. After taking off at 3:05 A.M. I opened the valve to check my ascent so that I might remain low until the sun rose. The valve failed to close, permitting the rapid escape of hydrogen, and I was fortunate enough to make a normal landing without damage to the scientific instruments or to the balloon.

It was October 2d, however, before the complete equipment was ready for a second attempt, and from that date until November 12th, when the World's Fair closed, no suitable weather for a take-off presented. The base for the flight then was shifted to the Goodyear-Zeppelin dock at Akron, where the balloon could be kept inflated, making possible a quick getaway.

But general weather conditions had changed by that time. Had the flight attempt at Chicago in August been success-

ful I would have had about six hours at or near peak altitude in the stratosphere in which to make observations, and I would not have had to worry about the high winds in the upper troposphere carrying me beyond the Atlantic seaboard. At Akron I was three hundred miles nearer the coast; daylight had shortened appreciably, and winds of much higher velocity were to be expected at all levels.

I was fortunate in the man who volunteered to aid me immediately after my unsuccessful solo attempt, Major Fordney. He possessed a fine record of service in the Marine Corps, on the Western Front and with the American mine-laying fleet, and subsequently in Haiti. He is a brilliant mathematician and a splendid shipmate.

Together we got off at 9:30 A.M. on November 20th. Our balloon was of 600,000 cubic-foot capacity as compared with Professor Piccard's bag of 500,000 cubic

feet, with which he made two flights reaching above 52,000 and 54,000 feet respectively. The later Russian envelope was of 875,000 cubic feet, and carried three men to 62,300 feet plus. We were inflated with 110,000 cubic feet of hydrogen before taking off. That apparently meager supply of buoyant gas we knew was adequate because hydrogen expands in volume as air pressure diminishes—actually at 44,000 feet altitude our big bag was full.

Our gondola was seven feet in diameter, equipped with ten glass ports at the poles and sides and two hatches. It had been carefully tested to assure adequate safety factors under the anticipated condition of excess internal pressure. Traveling in high altitudes a gondola is subjected to conditions the reverse of those obtaining in a submerging submarine, in that the submarine must resist increasing external pressure the deeper it descends, while in

the air external pressure decreases the higher the balloon rises. Extreme unequal pressures inboard and outboard would cause an improperly designed gondola to explode or burst its seams.

A tally of our scientific equipment will provide some idea of the scope of stratosphere flying and its highly technical aspects. We carried three devices to measure cosmic rays, also three cameras: a conventional aerial camera with single infra-red filter, a special infra-red camera, and a spectroscopic camera. Radio gear included a transmitter and receiver, two microphones, telegraphic key, batteries and antenna. Vacuumized bottles were provided to take samples of the atmosphere at various altitudes. Instruments were carried to measure the polarization of light. Gadgets containing vegetable-disease spores, gas-temperature recorders and indicators, thermometers, and the usual balloon control and navigational instruments were arranged inboard and outboard—barographs, variometers, a statoscope, an altimeter, monometers, compasses.

So much was scientific equipment only. To assure comfort in breathing we carried seventeen liters of liquid oxygen, of which we used about half a liter in almost four hours. Carbon dioxide expelled with the breath was absorbed by the standard devices used on United States Navy submarines. Another absorbent disposed of moisture within the hull created by breath vapors and perspiration. A final factor of safety was provided by a pair of submarine "lungs" such as are standard escape equipment on submersibles, in the event we were forced to abandon ship in atmosphere too thin to support life while descending by parachutes. We wore conventional fur-lined flying suits with parachute harnesses buckled over. The parachutes themselves were secured outside the gondola where they could be quickly attached to our harnesses in an emergency. Because of the bulk of sand our ballast consisted of lead dust—3800 pounds—in addition to which we had about 700 pounds of disposable equipment, batteries, hatch covers, tools, parachutes, for use to check descent. We used up most of our disposable equipment before landing and all the lead dust but 160 pounds. One of the humorous incidents of the flight occurred when I neglected to tell my shipmate I had jettisoned our parachutes a short time before landing. A few minutes later when I asked him for his parachute harness to heave overboard he protested that he might have to jump—an emergency arrangement we had agreed upon in the event it appeared we would land so heavily as to endanger scientific gear. After all a harness alone wasn't much use.

Insofar as cosmic ray investigation has been mentioned in reports of all stratosphere flights, it should be emphasized that there are two leading schools of thought in the United States as to what the cosmic ray may be. The Millikan theory (Dr. and (Continued on page 56)



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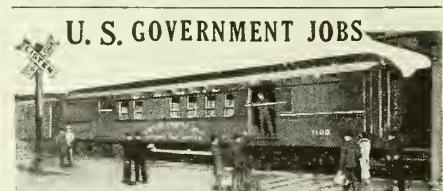
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Up Goes the Ceiling

(Continued from page 55)

Legionnaire Robert Andrews Millikan of California Tech) is that cosmic radiation is an electro-magnetic wave phenomenon, in general of the same nature as light, radio, X-rays and radium radiation, varying from them only in wave lengths. For the present it remains a phenomenon yet to be positively defined and catalogued. While the Millikan adherents have advanced no specific immediate practical adaptation for the rays once they are definitely classified, it is worth while to draw a possible parallel in the history of helium gas. In 1880 helium gas was first discovered as a line in the spectrum of the rays of the sun. Not until the World War, almost four decades later, did anyone find large-scale use for that gas, which is exceeded in lightness and ascensional force only by hydrogen, but unlike hydrogen is non-inflammable and non-explosive even when mixed with oxygen.

American scientists seeking an efficient buoyant gas which could not be ignited by enemy tracer bullets for use in our balloons and airships soon located helium in commercial quantities as a component of certain natural gas deposits in Texas. Helium gas did not reach the battle lines before the Armistice was signed, but it now is used as the lifting gas in all United States airships.

THE Compton theory (Dr. Arthur Holly Compton of the University of Chicago) holds that cosmic rays are an electronic emission—particles of matter charged with negative electricity, causing a constant electronic bombardment of the earth. While the attempted establishment of that theory as fact also must be classified under the head of abstract science, already an effort is being made to adapt the cosmic rays to the field of biology. Dr. Boyer of the University of Chicago has recently won distinction for his researches in the field of hereditary traits and sex-determination. His studies have been advanced by the observation of fruit flies, a generation of which lives but a few days, and the cycles of which are said to possess human characteristics. Effects of diet, light and other influences in human existence have been applied to the insects with interesting results. Based on his long study Dr. Boyer believes it is possible that the cosmic rays are an active influence in sex-determination, and he had requested us to take into the stratosphere with us a number of young female fruit flies to determine whether their sex characteristics would be altered by close contact. We failed to receive the shipment of flies in time to take them aboard, and the resulting omission is regarded as a shortcoming of our flight.

Cosmic rays are invisible to the eye. Lacking also is any physical reaction to their influence so far as human sensations are concerned. Yet they penetrate every

known solid substance, including metals, with the single exception of lead.

We have been told that the records obtained on our flight have enabled advancement of positive knowledge of the true character of the cosmic rays, though it may be many years before unquestioned determination of the phenomenon is proclaimed to the world.

Next in importance to cosmic ray investigation is the study of meteorological conditions in the upper troposphere and stratosphere. It is well established through research with unmanned balloons that high-altitude winds are constant in major direction—westerly—with slight seasonal and other periodic variations to the north and the south. Above middle northern latitudes in the summer season velocities increase with altitude in the troposphere up to the tropopause, and above the tropopause, in the stratosphere, fall off abruptly to low velocity. Our own observations—under winter conditions—registered a wind velocity of 45 to 50 knots an hour in the stratosphere, representing a falling off from maximum wind velocities of 70 to 80 knots experienced just under the tropopause. However, it is important to consider that all human stratosphere flights have been made under high-surface barometric pressure conditions at middle northern latitudes. Radically different wind conditions probably would be encountered under low barometric pressures on the surface and in other latitudes. It is significant that our records show higher average wind velocities in the stratosphere in winter than in summer.

Many cross-country airplane speed records have been made by pilots by climbing into high velocity "trade winds" where such following winds aid their speed. For many years it was believed that velocities increased with altitude high into the stratosphere, but now it may be said with assurance that in moderate latitudes the winds of highest velocity are to be found between the 25,000 and 35,000 foot levels.

But in any event high velocity stern winds are of value to airplanes only for record-making purposes. In commercial flying it is plain that the advantage of high winds traveling from west to east must be a handicap traveling in the opposite direction. That unequal factor emphasizes the fact that experiments in building stratospheric airplanes are not justified by hope of capitalizing high-velocity winds.

Despite the fact that there is practically no moisture in the air above the tropopause, the temperature in that region always is far below freezing, and it is an apparent paradox that the coldest temperatures in the stratosphere are above the equator, while the warmest stratosphere temperatures are over the polar regions. The isothermal temperature in the stratosphere above the equator is approximately minus

112 degrees Fahrenheit. In the stratosphere over middle northern latitudes it is only minus 67 degrees. Above the tropopause up to as yet explored altitudes changes in temperatures at any given latitude are so small as to be essentially isothermal.

Another interest in the stratosphere is the phenomenon of radio radiation. At a great distance beyond explored altitudes lies the Kennelly-Heaviside layer, where radio waves are reflected back to the earth's surface. The functioning of that layer, named for its American and British discoverers, varies with the seasons and with darkness and light. It is distant beyond any present likelihood of being reached by humans, but it is noteworthy that radio reception in our gondola was excellent in the higher altitudes.

Of the three cameras on board, the most important from the scientific standpoint was our spectroscopic picture box. Coupled with observations of the polarization of the sun's light and the sky light, the spectrums revealed on the plates we exposed we hope will contribute something to knowledge of the diffusion of light over the earth. Light, it is known, is an electro-magnetic radiation similar to radio waves and X-rays.

Possibly because of translation difficulties, information received from European balloon explorers as to the color of the stratosphere sky had recorded it as a deep, dark purple. In the rainbow scale that observation did not appear to be logical, and included in our paraphernalia was a standard color chart. Comparing the sky color with the chart we found it to be a clear, dark blue. Major Fordney commented that it was an exact copy of the blue in the pants of a Marine Corps dress uniform, and no charge for the service.

The best aerial photograph we made was a vertical shot from our maximum altitude through a hole in the murky haze which blotted out the earth. It registered with good clarity the countryside north and east of the famous Gettysburg battlefield, though we did not know exactly where we were at the time the picture was taken. Projected oblique photographs to show the curvature in the earth's surface were impossible to make because of the thick haze.

All of the observations and tasks were interrupted by other responsibilities such as taking air samples at various altitudes so that the nitrogen, oxygen and other air constituents might be measured, and a study of the sun's heating effect on balloon bag and gondola. Although twelve miles is insignificant as a closer approach in the inconceivable distance between the sun and the world it was interesting to note how well the fabric and hydrogen gas absorbed and retained the greater heat of the sun in the crystal-clear air of the stratosphere. A thermometer placed inside the envelope just below the valve registered a temperature of plus 28 degrees F. at the moment when the outside temperature registered minus 67 degrees F. We had profited from the experience of Professor Piccard in preparing our gondola, painting it black over

certain areas to absorb the sun's heat to the utmost. On his first stratosphere flight Professor Piccard had painted his gondola white. White is a reflector and as a result the professor and his assistant suffered from extreme cold. On his second flight he painted the gondola black. On that occasion the temperature inside the gondola registered as high as 104 degrees F.

There were spore specimens to carry outside our gondola for the Department of Agriculture, whose scientists were anxious to learn if certain vegetable disease spores would perish in the cold and rarefied air of the stratosphere. Apparently they came back to earth as malignantly healthy as they had left, although they are still under observation and will continue to be observed for a long time in the future.

Finally there was the highest radio broadcast to be made from the gondola at peak altitude. It turned out well with excellent reception reported from shore stations.

I'M AFRAID all those deep scientific studies don't make a very thrilling story of adventure, but they cover more or less completely the story of our flight. As to navigational details it was 9:30 A.M. when we took off, traveling east southeast from Akron at twenty knots an hour. Wishing to enter the stratosphere when the sun was at its zenith we drifted for three hours at altitudes varying from 2,000 to 6,000 feet. It was 12:30 P.M. when we closed the hatches at 13,500 feet altitude over East Liverpool, Ohio. Our speed through the troposphere and stratosphere averaged 52 knots an hour for the next four hours.

On our way up, rising at moderate speed, there was little to see below, for the earth was enveloped in haze. At 2:30 P.M. we were within a few thousand feet of our peak altitude, busy making observations, heaving ballast and recording data from our instruments. Between 3:30 and 4:03 o'clock we touched maximum altitude, oscillating within a few hundred feet, and twice touching 61,237 feet, as later calibrated by the United States Bureau of Standards. We maintained altitude until 4:15 P.M., when it began getting dark. At once the hydrogen, which is susceptible to expansion under the heat of the sun, started to contract. We were on our way down. Our first concern in landing was the safety of our scientific instruments. Using all disposable equipment to prolong our flight we sought the most remote place we could spot in the darkness, electing to land some 35 miles short of the sea, in a marsh southeast of Bridgeton, New Jersey. We accomplished a normal landing at 5:50 P.M., and there we had refreshments and turned in to sleep until morning.

More and higher stratosphere flights will be made within the next few years. But don't be misled into thinking that altitude figures are important in themselves. It is exploration in comparatively unknown fields of science which makes stratosphere flying worth while.

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Yours respectfully,
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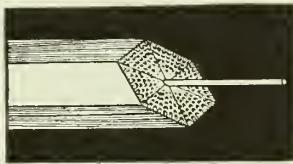


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From Public Enemy to Pot Pie

(Continued from page 31)

Seminary in New York City where he became a priest. He served as rector in Charleston, Atlanta and Wilmington, North Carolina, before he went overseas.

Helping the Ghost Walk

LAFAYETTE Post of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, has been on the job since the Legion's creeping days and it has done many things in its home town. But none will be longer remembered than the way it helped make Christmas real for scores of workers of a CWA project. The Saturday before Christmas was payday for the CWA workers, but it seemed certain that most of them would not be able to return to town and cash their checks before the holiday. But with the CWA paymasters who carried the checks went more than a score of members of Lafayette Post, headed by Thomas R. Aubrey and Paul H. Griffith, chairman of the National Americanism Commission. The Legionnaires carried bags full of bills and coins—\$38,000 in all. They cashed every CWA check that was presented to them.

History and Music

THOMAS M. OWEN, JR., National Historian, bulletins the news that the Post Historians Contest for 1934 will close on May 1st and that all manuscripts submitted before that date will be eligible for consideration when the committee chooses the winners and makes eight awards of prizes. The National Historian's office at National Headquarters of The American Legion in Indianapolis, Indiana, will send upon request the rules of the contest and other information concerning it.

National Historian Owen has issued a request that all Legion song writers send autographed copies of their compositions to his office at National Headquarters.

"We want these compositions as a part of the permanent records of our organization," writes Mr. Owen. "Legion composers in many instances have brought forth very fine songs and marches. In years to come when the history of the Legion is written the author will want to have at hand its musical compositions."

Legion Luncheon Clubs

TOLEDO (Ohio) Post not only has a once-a-week luncheon club, like posts in many of the larger cities, but it has contributed an idea for posts everywhere by setting up an informal every-day luncheon club. Writes Legionnaire C. R. Corbin, managing editor of the Toledo *Blade*:

"The weekly luncheons are held each Friday noon at the Secor Hotel. Visiting Legionnaires are welcome. In addition to the weekly affair, groups of various sizes meet daily around the 'round table' of

Linck's Cafeteria, Nicholas Building. Several years ago several comrades began to foregather each day in Linck's. As the group grew, a large round table was pressed into service. Visitors are welcome."

C. Fred Toklas, Adjutant of Rialto Post of San Francisco, California, sends word that his outfit has lunch every Tuesday noon in the post's clubrooms in the Fairmont Hotel. "The post is organized along the lines of a 'service club,' with one representative from each business or profession," writes Mr. Toklas. "It has an initiation charge of \$10 and annual dues of \$12, and membership is stable from year to year. The post sponsors a Sea Scout troop and a Boy Scout troop."

San Antonio (Texas) Business and Professional Men's Post meets each Monday noon, writes Post Commander James P. Hollers. New York Advertising Men's Post has changed the meeting place of its weekly luncheon on Monday noon to the Advertising Club, 23 Park Avenue.

What to Do?

WHEN Miss Carolina Banghart, began her year as Commander of Horicon (Wisconsin) Post she invited not only the members of the post but all citizens of the community to suggest activities in which the post should engage. "What do you expect of The American Legion?" was the question which Miss Banghart, former A. E. F. nurse, asked of all leaders of public opinion in her city, and on the basis of the replies a post committee, headed by Past Commander Anton A.



Clyde Bolling Post of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, presented to Rt. Rev. Robert E. Gribbin, Past Post Commander, an American flag upon his being made a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church. At right, Post Commander W. E. Nicholson

Schneider, compiled a list of seventy-five. Typical suggestions were these: Erect archways at city entrances, erect band stands, construct bath houses, tennis courts, picnic tables, wading pool, horseshoe courts, street showers for children, golf course, night baseball field, park ornamental gates; enlarge tourist camps; conduct speedboat races.

The Roll Call

THOMAS J. MALONE, who wrote "It's Like Finding Money," is a member of Theodor Petersen Post of Minne-

apolis, Minnesota . . . Major General James G. Harbord, author of "The Roosevelt Division," belongs to Louis E. Davis Post of Bloomington, Illinois, his birthplace . . . Karl W. Detzer is a Legionnaire of Bowen-Holiday Post of Traverse City, Michigan . . . Marquis James is a member of S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City . . . Lieutenant Commander T. G. W. Settle is a Legionnaire of Washington, D. C. . . Frederick C. Painton is a member of William C. Morris Post of Fort Lauderdale, Florida . . . John J. Noll belongs to Capitol Post of Topeka, Kansas.

PHILIP VON BLON

Bursts and Duds

(Continued from page 27)

has this happened? Just because you couldn't keep your mouth shut."

HERE is a yarn attributed to John E. McCall, Past Department Commander of Tennessee. He and another Legionnaire were going to a certain town to attend a post meeting. To get to this town they had to cross the Cumberland River. There was no bridge and the ferry ran at irregular intervals. They arrived there just after the ferry had left. This meant an indefinite delay. They noticed a negro fishing from the river bank, near

a small rowboat. It occurred to McCall that this fellow might put them across the stream, so he called: "Boy, can you row?"

"Nossuh, I can't row." Apparently there was nothing to do but await the return of the ferry. In a little while they noticed the negro get in the boat and start rowing up the stream.

"Boy, I thought you said you couldn't row?" McCall shouted at him.

"Oh, you-all means row a boat," said the negro, a great smile of understanding breaking over his face. "I thought you meant ro' like a lion."

It's Like Finding Money

(Continued from page 4)

between the redemption price at or before maturity—the \$5 stamps were redeemable, cashable, for their attained value at any time before maturity—and what the buyer paid was the equivalent of "interest." The earlier certificates of the larger sizes were likewise five-year discount securities, sold on the same basis as the \$5 stamps. The later issues of certificates had a fixed price and were interest-bearing. After their maturities, the war savings stamps and Treasury savings certificates bore no interest. The first series of the stamps matured eleven years ago and the last series eight years ago. The first series of the certificates matured eleven years ago, the last five years ago.

To the Treasury, to bankers and statisticians, the outstanding volume of seven million dollars-odd may seem very small in comparison with the total of all the war savings securities that were sold. That total was a little more than one and three-fifths billion dollars. But to the run of folk who do not think in billions or millions, to the man of curtailed income and to the one without a job, seven million sounds like a heap of money. If turned into cash, these stamps and certificates would pay a lot of grocery and doctor bills, car fares, what not.

Cash in hand has been much in favor with, or needed by, many people for four years and more. What accounted for the failure to turn in these securities for payment? Why had not the seven million of available dollars been called for? The exact volume of outstanding war savings securities was, according to the Treasury records, \$7,904,863 on November 30th last—the latest date for which figures were obtainable for this writing.

This total wasn't a mere figure. It could be split, broken down, so as to be revealing. It meant, for instance, that on that date there were 810,475 of the \$5 stamps still out. It meant that there were 2,546 of the \$25 certificates, 2,253 of the \$100 certificates and 238 of the \$1,000 certificates still out. It meant something more than that, for thrift and Treasury savings stamps are still to be accounted for.

The Treasury's record of the volume, money value, of outstanding thrift and Treasury savings stamps together, as of November 30, 1933, was not quite three and one-third million dollars. Of that volume, the Treasury-stamp part was a little short of \$7,000. If one called it \$7,000 flat, then there were 7,000 of \$1 stamps out (Continued on page 60)

AT LAST! Here is the invention 30 million smokers have been waiting for . . . perfected . . . guaranteed . . . already a huge national success. Think of it! You take a beautifully enameled case from your vest pocket . . . you press a magic button . . . A MIRACLE happens! Automatically your favorite brand of cigarette appears. Automatically at the same time there is a spark . . . a flame! A LIGHTED cigarette is delivered right to your lips. You PUFF and SMOKE!

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This Mechanical Masterpiece has proven a sensation wherever our representatives have introduced it. Men and women gaze in wonder . . . thrilled . . . dumfounded . . . swept off their feet whenever a Magic Case is shown. They buy on sight, for the price is so low it fits their purse. And now YOU can share in the profits that are bulging our salesmen's pockets. Here is a low priced, non-competitive article in demand by millions that you can handle without experience . . . that will bring you a good steady income for either full or spare time effort.

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Get the details! Let us show you how to turn Magic Cases into CASH without selling. There are hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands of prospects in your territory . . . your territory EXCLUSIVELY if you act at once. Merely demonstrate the Magic Case . . . an overwhelming wave of demand will flood you with orders.

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Send the coupon! Say the word! We'll give you a chance to SEE . . . TRY . . . this money-making marvel. We'll PROVE it will pour a stream of profits into your pocket. Obey that impulse! Mail the coupon today.

MAGIC CASE MFRS.
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The W. T. Rawleigh Co., Dept. 0-66-ALM Freeport, Ill.

60

It's Like Finding Money

(Continued from page 59)

and—this is something to reflect upon—13,274,152 of thrift stamps.

No one knows, of course, how many different persons were holding one or more of these stamps and certificates. If no person held more than a single one, of whatever kind, the total number of holders, based on the preceding figures, would have been 14,096,664. Who were these fourteen million people? Were you one of them?

The World War obligations, both savings securities and Liberty Loan issues, have a peculiar interest for all Americans. Bought by millions of people in a time of great national fervor and devotion, they recall today the stress, the anxiety and the sacrifice of the war years. Leaving matured Liberty bonds and notes for later consideration, let us look into the possible reasons for the withholding of stamps and certificates. Before doing so, suppose we refresh our memories as to the appearance of the different forms of the major stamp of them all, the \$5 war savings stamp. Also, something on the methods employed in selling it.

Who can recall, offhand, the color of the \$5 stamp of 1918 and whose portrait it bore? It was green, and bore the portrait of Washington. The stamp of the next year was blue, and had the face of Franklin. That of 1920 was carmine, and again carried the face of Washington. That of 1921, the last to be issued, was brown and green, and bore the face of Lincoln.

Sales of the thrift and war savings stamps, chief of the four forms of savings securities, were promoted together. After one had pasted thrift stamps on the sixteen spaces of one's thrift card, the card would be accepted in payment on a war savings stamp. (The \$4 in thrift stamps, with 12 cents or more in coin, would buy the larger stamp.) When one had pasted \$5 stamps on the twenty spaces in the folder, one could hold it until maturity, or exchange it for one or several Treasury savings certificates or apply it on the purchase of a Liberty bond.

By the sale of the small stamps, the Government planned to fill in between floatings of Liberty Loans, provide a constant supply of revenue and, at the same time, encourage thrift and economy among the people. It looked forward to continuing the sales of stamps and certificates indefinitely after the war.

The stamps were sold at all post offices and by postmen and rural carriers on their rounds. They were sold in banks, trust companies, department stores, railroad and steamship offices, shops, factories, clubs, schools. The Treasury reported 233, 287 selling agencies, apart from the postal service, the country over, as of October 31, 1918, and 151,361 war savings societies. Members of such societies pledged themselves to buy savings securities. In July of

1918, with the selling campaign six months on, it was estimated that nearly 35,000,000 people had pledged to save and invest in thrift and war savings stamps.

In the schools, public and private, the five-dollar "baby bond" and the twenty-five-cent "little baby bond" were in high regard. Thrift clubs were formed, by rooms and classes, with charters, officers and pledged members. The children, kin of the service men, wrought mightily in the cause. Odd-job hunting became an epidemic disease in many neighborhoods.

Probably no small part of the volume of stamps sold was taken by a class of adults who were not able to buy Liberty bonds but wanted to do something for the war program.

ASK at the Treasury why the more than seven million dollars of stamps and certificates, scattered probably in all the States, the territories and the insular possessions, have not been presented for payment, and you may be told that that is anybody's guess. The Treasury refrains from trying to interpret the figures. No doubt many persons are holding these securities, with full knowledge of their cash values, as souvenirs, mementoes, of a solemn era in the nation's life and their own participation in it. Collectors, amateur and professional, may hold a considerable number. The factors of carelessness, inertia, enter. Unawareness of value may enter, too. If, as has been reported, some buyers of Liberty bonds thought the bonds were only receipts for money which they were giving outright to their government, a like misconception may have extended to the savings securities.

Loss, theft and destruction must account for some of the failure to present. Mislaying may be a better word than loss. Stamps have been used as book markers, have been inserted in the folds of family papers that are seldom looked into—life insurance policies, abstracts of title, title deeds, wills, diplomas, birth certificates, testimonials of character, tax receipts, discontinued diaries, occupational certificates or licenses. They are stored away in old trunks in attics, perhaps the kind with the round tops, in forgotten or infrequently entered safe deposit boxes, in family albums which in many years have not seen the light. Also, stamps have been burned, gnawed by mice, chewed by the dog, swallowed by the baby. They have been defaced by chemicals, ink, gravy. Owners of damaged securities may think them unredeemable therefore, or may be reluctant to present them in the condition they are in. If three-fifths of a stamp remains, one learned at the Treasury, regardless of how badly disfigured, it is still in the ring; it will be redeemed.

Thrift stamps are being cashed at

Federal Reserve Banks. The other forms of stamps and the Treasury certificates must be sent to, or presented at, the Treasury Department in Washington. Any bank will explain the procedure to be observed.

Even in the case of theft, destruction or loss, so that the security cannot be presented, full value is recoverable if it has been registered. All the Treasury savings certificates were registered at the Treasury. It has a complete record of name and address at the time of purchase of every buyer of a \$25, a \$100 or a \$1,000 savings certificate. The registered owners of those 5,037 certificates outstanding last November 30th could have had their cash in full at any time since maturity—or before, for that matter—on application and proof of identity. They would not have had to turn in the securities in evidence. Didn't they know that? Is it possible that some of them did not know what registration meant, what rights it automatically conferred?

Also, war savings stamps were registrable, at the option of buyers, at post offices in localities where bought. No estimate is obtainable as to what percent of the \$5 stamps were registered, but owners of such registered stamps are fully protected in case they can't produce them. They have only to speak up, let their claims be known.

Illustrative of an advantage in buying registered securities is the fact that the Treasury Department notified all owners of outstanding Treasury savings certificates, by mail, as maturity dates of the respective series approached. It sent follow-up notices after maturities to owners whose certificates had not been turned in. Like procedure was observed in the case of Liberty bonds and notes that have been called or matured. When owners had moved and left no new addresses, nothing more could be done by the Treasury; the next step was up to an owner.

Notice to owners of registered war savings stamps regarding approach of maturities was by placards displayed in post offices and publication in the press, instead of by individual mailed reminders. All post office records of stamp registration have been sent to Washington.

Recent calling for redemption, as of April 15, 1934, of a part of the outstanding Fourth Liberty Loan bonds is reported to have caused a renewal of activity in some quarters among the outstanding matured Liberties. Their tardy presentation for redemption seems to have been speeded up a little. These are Second and Third Liberty Loan bonds and Victory Liberty Loan notes.

A consideration of the outstanding matured Liberties was published in The American Legion Monthly of November, 1932. In it a distribution of the total outstanding Victory notes, then matured for from nine to ten years, was given by denominations and numbers of pieces as of April 30, 1932. It may be of interest to reproduce this distribution and to present

along with it the corresponding figures as of last November 30th, nineteen months later. Here they are:

Denomination	Number of pieces, April 30, 1932	Number of pieces, Nov. 30, 1933	Number retired
\$ 50	8,514	7,191	1,323
100	3,568	2,926	642
500	236	194	42
1,000	199	126	73
5,000	5	4	1
10,000	1	1	0
	12,523	10,442	2,081

The 2,081 notes retired represented \$229,350. The smaller denominations had come in considerable numbers. But four \$5,000 notes and the one \$10,000 note were still out. Where were they? What had become of them? Who were their owners?

Of all matured Liberties, including Victories, the total outstanding on April 30, 1932, was \$9,595,800 and the total out on November 30, 1933, was \$6,857,950. There had been a retirement of \$2,737,850.

ADDITION of the amount of outstanding matured Liberties on the November date and the amount of outstanding savings securities of that date gives a total of \$14,762,813. But that near fifteen millions was not all the outstanding, past-due amount attributable to war savings securities and matured Liberties. There was an item of several million dollars in unpaid interest, represented by live coupons of those Liberties that had not been presented for payment. On June 30, 1933, the end of the government's fiscal year, this item of "interest outstanding unpaid" on the three matured Liberty obligations totaled \$3,235,180.59.

These amounts in principal and interest were waiting for owners to ask for their money, to see the coin on the sidewalk and reach for it.

Far from being in static condition, outstanding war stamps, Treasury savings certificates, matured Liberty bonds and notes, and live coupons of the Liberties dribble into the Treasury week after week, month after month, are redeemed and written off the books. The volume of any one form of such security is being gradually reduced. Mislaid stamps, certificates, bonds, notes, are being found; old safe deposit boxes, old trunks, old Bibles maybe, are being opened. Property is being released from escrow; estates are coming free of litigation.

Treasury officials say that probably most of the outstanding past-due securities will eventually be presented and retired. Even now, an occasional Civil War security, many decades matured, is cashed in. The oldest, farthest back, outstanding obligations of the Government are "stocks" of two loans issued in 1791.

Of course, when any of the matured obligations are presented, the Government pays on the barrel head.



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THE AMERICAN LEGION
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$ 27,509.32
Notes and accounts receivable.....	39,403.64
Inventory of emblem merchandise	28,774.82
Invested funds.....	749,789.40
Permanent investments:	
Legion Publishing Corporation.....	\$ 428,583.16
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust	174,123.55
Improved real estate	
Initial payment on Washington, D. C. office building.....	1,000.00
Furniture and fixtures, less reserve for depreciation.....	37,631.08
Deferred charges.....	16,019.71
	 \$1,502,834.68

Liabilities

Notes and accounts payable.....	\$ 141,222.02
Funds restricted as to use.....	15,346.24
Irrevocable Trust	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust	174,123.55
Reserve for investment valuation	132,668.42
	 \$ 463,360.23
Net worth:	
Restricted capital.....	\$ 698,818.26
Unrestricted capital	340,656.19
	1,039,474.45
	 \$1,502,834.68

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

You Bet They're Legionnaires

(Continued from page 34)

escaping with only a sprained ankle. The dirigible was blown out to sea and was never seen again.

"A couple of destroyers scouted around a while but were never able to find a trace of the C-5, which must have sunk at sea as soon as it came down. So there was nothing we could do but return to New York with our load of gas and the crew from the C-5. Thus ended a trip that had wonderful prospects in the field of aeronautics—although on the following day, May 16th, three Navy planes, NC-1, NC-3 and NC-4 took off from Trepassey, Newfoundland, on the first leg of a flight which carried the NC-4 to the Azores, from thence to Portugal and to England—the first successful flight across the Atlantic."

"ANSWERING your call for stories of fraternizing, plus, in the Army of Occupation," writes A. E. Baron, Past Commander of Verdugo Hills Post, Montrose, California, "possibly my story of chewing tobacco and baking powder might rate interest.

"As a member of a Sixth Division detail sent into Germany to prepare places for our several outfits to occupy, our particular group settled at Kaisersesch on April 15, 1919. My outfit, A Battery, Third Field Artillery, was to occupy the hamlet of Roos. Kaisersesch, nearby, boasted a hotel, and being as that hotel was to provide our chow, we billeted ourselves there with the German folks in their private homes.

"It was a difficult matter not to fraternize with these German folks of the Rhine country—particularly with the family with which we were billeted. While we were in Germany only one month, we always felt that that short stay made up for a lot of the bitterness of France.

"Having fond recollections of delicious German cakes, I asked our dear old German lady if she would bake a cake so that we could have a nice little kaffee-klatsch—just the family, my buddy and me. Her expression was sweetly pathetic when she informed us that they hadn't had any baking powder in the house since the beginning of the war and baking powder was a necessary ingredient.

"We hiked over to a doughboy kitchen on the outskirts of the town and hailed the mess sergeant who was a very friendly cuss:

"Hello, Sergeant, how's your chewing tobacco?"

"Well, buddy," reaching for his small plug, "it's pretty low, but take a bite."

"No, thanks, Sergeant, we don't want your chew—we have plenty of chewing tobacco, but we have no baking powder!"

"Well, now that's interesting," said the Sergeant, "we have plenty of baking powder, but no chewing tobacco."

"So we both smiled when I told him the dear old German lady at our billet was

anxious to bake us a German cake, but lacked baking powder. Following that remark we produced a very large slab of chewing tobacco from our blouse and were soon on our way to the billet with a liberal supply of some outfit's baking powder.

"The cake was really a knockout and it was a homey little party."

ANOTHER of our disabled buddies has taken up the hobby of stamp collecting. We know his request will get the same response as have other similar requests in these columns. The man is Legionnaire Marshall M. Brabosch of Esbon, Kansas, and this is his plea:

"I am a disabled veteran, suffering from valvular heart trouble which is the result of a siege of flu and pneumonia I had while serving with Company H, 168th Infantry, 42d Division, in the A. E. F."

"Not being able to work actively, I have started collecting stamps and would appreciate it if some of the Legionnaires would send me some. I have been a member of the Legion in good standing since June, 1920. I would also appreciate hearing from some of my old buddies."

SOME additional outfit organizations have announced their intention of holding reunions in conjunction with the Legion national convention in Miami, Florida, October 22d to 25th. Announcements of convention reunions and meetings at other times and places will appear in this column if the Company Clerk is advised at least five weeks in advance of the month in which the activity is scheduled.

The following reunions will be held in Miami next October. Particulars may be obtained from the men and women whose names and addresses are given:

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION AMERICAN LEGION NURSES—Annual meeting and reunion. Mrs. Flora Sheldon, natl. secy., 2176 Atkins av., Lakewood, Ohio. 4th Div.—Details of national reunion, Miami, Oct. 22, also blank for Verdun medal can be obtained by sending name and outfit, with self-addressed, stamped envelope to William C. Brooker, Citizens Bank bldg., Tampa, Fla.

53d INF., CO. L, 6TH DIV.—Proposed company reunion. Cecil H. Pillans, ex-1st sgt., Haines City, Fla. 4TH ENGRS.—Patrick J. Ganley, comdr., Ft. Dearborn Post, A. L., 6312 Greenwood av., Chicago, Illinois.

21ST ENGRS., L. R. SOC.—14th annual reunion. Frank L. Frazin, secy-treas., 1825 S. Hamlin av., Chicago, Ill.

28TH ENGRS., A. E. F. VETS.—Organized in Chicago, 2d annual reunion in Miami. Erick O. Meling, pres., 2048 N. Spaulding av., Chicago; Frank T. Cushing, secy-treas., 12206 Lowe av., Chicago, Ill.

M. T. C. VERNEUIL VETS.—Veterans of Units 301-2-3, M. T. C., located at Nevers and Verneuil, France. Hilmer Gellein, pres., P. O. Box 772, Detroit, Mich., Verne M. Corson, reunion offcr., 1161 W. Flagler st., Miami, Fla.

106TH SUP. TRN., CO. A—2d annual reunion in Miami. M. F. Avery, 19 N. W. 3d st., Miami, Fla., or W. M. Applegate, 6033 Champlain av., Chicago.

BASE HOSP. NO. 136, A. E. F.—Second annual reunion. First reunion held at Chicago convention. Elmer V. McCarthy, M. D., secy. reunion comm., 108 N. State st., Chicago, Ill.

EVAC. HOSP. NO. 15 ASSOC.—Organized in Chicago. Rev. John Dunphy, pres., Portage, Pa. Write to Mrs. Mary Johnson Cuttell, secy., 76 West st., Milford, Mass.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Wilford L. Jessup, natl. comdg. offcr., Bremerton, Wash.; Craig S. Herbert, personnel offcr., 3333 N 17th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

AMERICAN R. R. TRANS. CORPS A. E. F. VETS.—2500 attended Chicago reunion. Clyde D. Burton,

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

comdr., 4827 Lake Park av., Chicago; Gerald J. Murray, natl. adjt., 1132 Bryn Mawr st., Scranton, Pa.

U. S. A. CANAL ZONE VETS. ASSOC.—Veterans of all outfits that served in the Zone during the World War period, including the 5th, 10th, 29th and 33d Inf., 12th Cav., 3d Engrs., 1st Sep. Mtn. Art., C. A. C. of Forts Grant, Sherman, De Lesseps, etc., Aviation Corps., M. C. and Q. M. C., Louis J. Gilbert, pres., 260 Gregory av., Passaic, N. J.

NATIONAL TANK CORPS VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion, Frank J. Williams, natl. comdr., 534 Brisbane bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

Announcements of additional reunions and activities follow:

THIRD DIV. SOCIETY—Annual national convention and reunion, Boston, Mass., July 12-15. James P. Mooers, chmn., 45 Mountain av., Dorchester, Mass.

THIRD DIV. SOC., GREATER NEW YORK BRANCH NO. 5—Stag reunion, Kreutzer Hall, 228 E. 86th st., New York City, 8:30 p. m., Apr. 5. T. Cooper Coleman, adjt., 16 W. 88th st., New York City.

THIRD DIV. SOCIETY—All who send name, address and outfit number to L. D. Ledbetter, 411 Bank of Commerce bldg., Norfolk, Va., will receive free copy of *The Watch on the Rhine*.

4TH DIV. ASSOC. OF NEW YORK—Semi-annual reunion in May. Gustav H. Lamm, 1541 Howe av., Bronx, N. Y.

SOCIETY OF 5TH DIV.—Annual reunion at Boston, Mass., Sept. 1-3 (Labor Day week-end). David T. Probert, 25 First st., Fair Lawn, N. J.

SOC. 5TH DIV., N. J. CAMP—Regular meetings third Sunday each month, 3 p. m., at 564 Clinton av., Newark, N. J. David T. Probert, 25 First st., Fair Lawn, N. J.

6TH DIV. SOC.—Regular quarterly dinner meetings. Former members of division interested in national organization of society, address W. T. Mudge, pres., 1359 W. 7th st., San Pedro, Calif.

28TH DIV.—Hq., Society of the 28th Div. has been removed from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, Pa. Col. John H. Shenkel, pres., Wm. G. Blough, secy.-treas., P. O. Box 111, Homewood Sta., Pittsburgh.

32D DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—1934 convention will be held in Detroit, Mich., Sept. 2-5. Byron Beveridge, 1148 Florence court, Madison, Wis.

35TH DIV.—*Pictorial History of the 35th Division*, 72 pages, 250 photographs. R. L. Carter, 1218 Olive st., St. Louis, Mo.

37TH DIV. A. E. F. VETS. ASSOC.—Report to Jim Sterner, secy., 1101 Wyandott bldg., Columbus, Ohio. All who pay one dollar yearly dues will receive periodical copies of *The Division News*.

42D (RAINBOW) DIV. VETS.—16th annual reunion, Detroit, Mich., July 12-14. Wilber M. Brucker, natl. pres., 2480 Penobscot bldg., Detroit.

42D (RAINBOW) DIV. VETS.—*The Rainbow Reveille* is your paper; write for free copy, stating your outfit, K. A. Sutherland, P. O. Box 298, Sta. C, Los Angeles, Calif.

77TH DIV.—Membership in divisional association entitles holder to all rights and privileges in club house, 28 East 39th st., New York City. Send name and address for free copy of official association paper, *The Liberty Light*. Jack Simonson, 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

80TH DIV.—E. G. Peyton, newly-elected National Commander of the 80th Division Veterans Association, is calling upon all former 80th Division men to send their names, addresses and organization numbers to the Headquarters, 412 Plaza Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

90TH DIV.—All former members living in Illinois, interested in forming a state association, address R. W. Anderson, care of Boss Mfg. Co., Kewanee, Ill.

91ST DIV. ASSOC., NO. CALIF. SECTOR—For roster, send names, addresses, news of comrades, to Secy. Albert G. Ross, 624 Market st., San Francisco, Calif.

91ST DIV. ASSOC., WASHINGTON STATE—To complete roster, send names and addresses to Jules E. Markow, 201 County-City bldg., Seattle, Wash.

1ST N. J. INF., N. G.—Reunion, Newark, N. J., Apr. 7, under auspices 1st N. J. Inf. Post, A. L. Dick Shannon, chmn., 28 Bremond st., Belleville, N. J., or Wilfred O'Rourke, secy., 98 New st., Nutley, N. J.

104TH INF. VETS. ASSOC., A. E. F.—15th annual reunion, Marlboro, Mass., Apr. 27-28. L. A. Wagner, adjt., 201 Oak st., Holyoke, Mass.

113TH INF. ASSOC.—To complete roster, send names and addresses to Walter G. Scherrer, adjt., Room 208, City Hall, Newark, N. J.

355TH INF.—Annual reunion for 1934 to be held in Norfolk, Nebr., dates to be announced later. Fred Hansen, pres., Norfolk; Albert P. Schwarz, permanent recording secy., 816 Security Mutual, Lincoln, Nebr.

108TH INF. M. G. CO., VETS. ASSOC.—10th annual reunion, Powers Hotel, Rochester, N. Y., Sat., Apr. 7. James A. Edwards, 41 Ferguson st., Buffalo, N. Y., or Wm. H. Becker, 22 Stout st., Rochester.

151ST INF., CO. H.—Proposed reunion during summer. Address W. C. Royste, 431 S. 5th st., Terre Haute, Ind.

325TH INF., CO. L.—Reunion, Springfield, Mass., Oct. 27. Obtain copy 1933 *Reunion News* from A. W. Silliman, Andover, N. Y.

52D PIONEER INF.—Reunion of all veterans of regiment, date to be announced. N. J. Brooks, 2 West 45th st., New York City.

11TH F. A. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion, Springfield, Mass., Sept. 1-3. R. C. Dickieson, secy.-treas., 4816-47th st., Woodside, N. Y.

51ST F. A. BR. HQ. VETS. ASSOC.—Semi-annual reunion, YD Club, 200 Huntington av., Boston, Mass., Sun., May 20, at noon. Charles V. Clark, adjt., 7 Riverview av., Danvers, Mass.

322D F. A. ASSOC.—Permanent headquarters, Hamilton, Ohio. Reunion, Dayton, Ohio, dates to be an-

nounced. L. B. Fritsch, secy., P. O. Box 324, Hamilton.

108TH F. A., BTRY. E, 28TH DIV., A. E. F.—Permanent organization. Regular meetings, third Friday of each month at McArthur Post, 1718 N. 25th st., Philadelphia. Harry A. Garvin, 1905 E. Allegheny av., Philadelphia.

BTRY. B, 55TH A. E. F. VETS. ASSOC.—10th annual banquet, Hotel Manger, Boston, Mass., Apr. 18, 6:30 p. m. J. A. Murray, chmn., 63 Leon st., c/o United Drug Co., Boston, Mass.

"OLD BTRY. B," 107TH F. A., 28TH DIV.—Reunion on or about Apr. 21, of men who served in World War and on Mexican Border. Ex-1st Lt. F. A. Ulam, chmn. Testimonial dinner to ex-Capt. Clinton T. Bundy, battery comdr. John Eaker, 200 Benedum Trees bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

320TH INF., CO. I, 80TH DIV.—16th annual reunion, Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Apr. 14. Jack Sudden, 524 Oliver bldg., Pittsburgh.

12TH ENGRS.—Reunion in St. Louis, Mo., latter part of June. John J. Barada, secy., 514 Holly Hills av., St. Louis.

VETS. OF THE 13TH ENGRS. (RY.)—5th annual convention, Plankinton Hotel, Milwaukee, Wisc., June 23-24. James A. Elliott, secy.-treas., 1216 Cumberland st., Little Rock, Ark.

14TH ENGRS. (LT. RY.) A. E. F.—Send name, address and company to C. E. Scott, 54 College av., Medford, Mass., for copy of monthly newsletter.

34TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion, basket picnic, Triangle Park, Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 2. Hq., at Gibbons Hotel. George Remple, 1225 Alberta st., Dayton.

107TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—16th annual reunion, Milwaukee, Wisc., Nov. 10. Joe A. Hrdlick, secy., 2209 W. 41st st., Milwaukee.

110TH ENGRS., CO. B, 35TH DIV.—Proposed reunion. Report to E. G. Hamilton, c/o Newton Chamber of Commerce, Newton, Kans.

VETS. OF CO. D, 102D U. S. ENGRS.—Reunion in veterans room of 102d Regiment Armory, 168th st. and Ft. Washington av., New York City, Apr. 7. G. J. Fisher, adjt., 102d Engrs. Post, A. L., 643 W. 207 st., New York City.

120TH M. G. BN., CO. A, 32D DIV.—Veterans association being formed. Send names and addresses to Capt. Claude Allen, c/o The Armory, Pontiac, Mich.

TROOP A, 1ST CAV., INDIANA N. G. (later HQ. CO., 151ST INF.)—Third reunion, Hotel McCurdy, Evansville, Ind., April 6. Hubert L. Norcross, secy., 904 W. Oregon st., Evansville.

TROOP G, 16TH U. S. CAV.—Proposed reunion. Report to Arthur H. (Chick) Chiconi, 2183 Cornell rd., Cleveland, Ohio.

122D F. A., BTRY. B—Copy of revised edition of Battery B booklet may be obtained by reporting to C. C. Reid, secy., 234 E. Chicago av., Chicago, Ill.

401ST MOTOR SUP. TRN., 2D CO., AND F CO., 1ST DIV. MOTOR SUP. TRN.—Reunion, Augusta House, Augusta, Me., Apr. 14. Richard M. Robinson, 35 Memorial av., West Springfield, Mass.

316TH F. S. BN.—Copy of roster of the bn. will be mailed to all former members who write to R. Howdry, secy., 41 First st., San Francisco, Calif.

9TH ANTI-AIRCRAFT BTRY., C. A. C.—Former members interested in reunion, write to W. F. Laumer, 356 McKinley av., Kenmore, N. Y.

50TH AERO SQDRN.—Third edition of Roll Call soon to be published. Former members are requested to write to J. Howard Hill, secy., Hotel Portage, Akron, Ohio. Reunion in Akron, Apr. 1-4.

801ST (formerly 107TH) AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 1-3. Walker Long, pres., Gas City, Ind., or V. B. Kincaid, secy., Veterans Administration Home, Bath, N. Y.

COAST GUARD VETS.—To contact other veterans and to complete roster, report to N. J. Schank, 3241 N. Ashland av., Chicago, Ill.

304TH BN., CO. A, TANK CORPS—Men interested in forming veterans association, report to Dr. Grover C. Jones, Bibb bldg., Macon, Ga.

U. S. S. LAKEPORT—Proposed reunion of former crew. F. A. Hanley, 16 Fordham court, Albany, N. Y.

U. S. S. C. 62—Proposed reunion. Send names and addresses to Aaron S. Smith, 205 Sewell av., Atlantic City, N. J.

2D SANITARY TRN.—Proposed organization of veterans of Ambulance Co. No. 1 and Field Hosp. No. 1, 2D Div. Carl A. Giles, Chief of Police, Eminence, Ky.

BASE HOSP. NO. 44—Ex-service women of personnel will hold reunion in Boston, Mass., during April. Miss Anna Maxwell, secy., 296 Allston st., Brighton, Mass., or Miss M. Etta Wallace, 29 Banks st., West Somerville, Mass.

U. S. ARMY AMBULANCE SERV. ASSOC.—15th annual Usaa convention, Hotel Jefferson, Atlantic City, N. J., July 12-15. Wilbur P. Hunter, natl. adjt., 5315 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.

O. C. Q. M., A. E. F.—To prepare roster, all former members of Office of Chief Q. M., Tours, France, send names, addresses and self-addressed, stamped envelope to Ex-Sgt. Kenneth N. Rinker, 413 W. First st., Greensburg, Ind.

DEPT. OF PENNSYLVANIA, A. L., will hold its convention in Erie, Pa., Aug. 16-18. All veterans outfits, especially 27th, 79th and 80th Divisions and other Pa. units, are invited to hold reunions at that time and place. Allan H. MacLean, chmn., reunions comm., 713 Plum st., Erie.

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WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the (Continued on page 64)

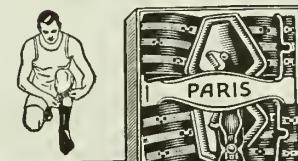


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(Continued from page 63)

Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 600 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

162n AERO SQDN.—Sgts. ALLEN and BOYNTON, Pvt. CHURCH and others who recall injury to Pvt. Robert H. ADST when scaffolding fell while constructing airplane hangars in Paris, Nov., 1918.

71st F. A., BTY. A.—Men who recall injury to Clifford L. ANDERSON, caisson driver at firing center, Camp Knox, Ky., when horses stampeded during firing of guns, Oct. or Nov., 1918.

92d AERO SQDN.—Men who recall Carl ARNSWALD being confined to 4th Gen. Hosp., Lincoln, Eng., account skin disease.

BAKERY CO. No. 341, Q. M. C.—Men who recall service disability of Charles Roy BARKER.

3rd REGT., CO. 18, A. S. M.—Capt. Sep A. BALZART, John J. WALSH, Davis E. SMITH, Thomas F. KAVANAGH, Henry J. BAUCHENE and others who recall Clifford J. BOMBARDIER receiving knee injury in motorcycle accident in A. E. F.

NEW BASE HOSP., WARD 5, CAMP CONY, N. M.—Pvt. Joseph A. PIGG, also the doctors, and Nurses WARD and OGLE, who recall George Raymond BROWN as patient with heart trouble and recommended for discharge, Nov., 1918.

BUTLER, Harry, and McDONALD, Thomas—Both of these men, supposed to be World War veterans, died violent deaths since the war and are buried in Woodstock, Ill. Anyone knowing them or their families, or knowing with which outfits they served during war are requested to report.

117th CO., MARINE BARRACKS, PEARL HARBOR NAV. STA., HAWAII—Former members between Dec., 1920, and Dec., 1922, who recall Wilbur F. CALDWELL.

12th F. A., BTY. A, 2d Div.—Men who recall service disability of Pvt. Vasco CARNINI, now suffering from deafness.

SUB-CHASER 118, U. S. NAVY—Former members of crew out of Norfolk, Va., between Dec., 1918, and Mar., 1919, who recall Peter J. CREAN—now totally disabled with paralysis of lower limbs—having suffered spine injury.

30th INF., CO. C, 3n DIV.—Former members who recall Sgt. William DIEHL being gassed during Aisne-Marne offensive; also his condition when hospitalized about Aug. 8, 1918.

164th R. T. C.—Former comrades who recall eye disability suffered by Charles DREXLER while in small village near St. Aignan, Feb., 1919.

EVANS, Junius H., ex-1st Lt., Balloon Corps, A. E. F., 40 yrs. old, 5 ft. 6 in., 130 lbs., brown eyes, slightly graying hair, small black mustache, scar on face; drove away from home in Nashville, Tenn., Aug., 1932. Missing.

101st TRAIN, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Man whose given name was AMBROSIO can assist Lorenzo FARIAS with claim.

SUB-CHASER 133—Comdr. F. P. PRICE, Gunner F. F. HOLT, Chief Boatswain's Mate P. D. WILSON and Machinist Mates SATRE and RYAN who recall disability of Giles H. FERRELL, M. M. 1cl.

U. S. S. CHATTANOOGA—Men of crew who recall J. L. GILLESPIE jumping overboard from ship in New York harbor during summer of 1918.

BASE HOSP., SPARTANBURG, S. C., 1918—Nurse Ethel CLARK of Philadelphia who recalls crushed foot of Sgt. Leon HARTOUGH, 27th Div.

47th INF., CO. F—O'BRIEN, first aid man, who recalls Tom HEATH being wounded morning of Sept. 29, 1918, the same shell killing company barber and a man called SHORTY, while waiting for chow. Also Dr. BERGER and nurse, Miss MAXWELL, of Evac. Hosp. No. 24, Ward No. 4, Mesves, France.

2d ENGRS., CO. G, CAMP HUMPHREYS, VA.—Men who recall John G. HESS being struck in forehead with bayonet, July, 1918.

HOSP. NO. 36, VITTEL, FRANCE—Nurse Minnie V. BLACK and others who recall Claude E. JENKINS as patient for three months suffering with influenza and arthritis.

BASE HOSP. NO. 50, A. E. F.—Doctors or nurses who recall treatment of James Hopkins KENNEDY for gunshot wound and pneumonia from Oct., 1918, to Jan. 19, 1919. They may recall Masonic ring being cut from his finger when arm and hand became swollen. Charts later turned in at Base Hosp. No. 8 at Savenay missing.

153d DEPOT BRIG., CO. 19—Sgt. (later Lt.) ADAMS and others who recall Fred KUSPERT, graduate of Remount School, returned from hospital and put to bed in company headquarters account having flu.

801st PIONEER INF., A. E. F.—1st Lt. LEE, 1st Lt. EVERET (or EVINT), Capt. RHONE, 1st Sgt. HIBBERT, Sgts. SLAUGHTER, LYONS and CANNON and others who recall W. L. LEWIS being kicked by horse at St. Nazaire Remount No. 1 and being sent to hospital for treatment.

309th AMMUN. TRN., CO. A—Comrades on convoy service who recall truck being overturned between Cleveland and New York City, Aug., 1918, in Allegheny Mountains, causing injuries to legs, eye, and face of Clyde CLAYTON LINEBERRY.

7th DIV. TRAINING HQ. and M. P. at CAMP MERRITT, N. J., Aug., 1918—Lt. Arthur K. WEST and others who recall Cpl. Everett A. MCCOMB on drill field being excused because of illness.

321st INF., CO. K—Officers or men who recall

William Butler MILLER suffering with mumps and flu while in A. E. F.

19TH PROV. M. T. C., CO. F—Men, including Lt. WILBURN, who recall truck collision in A. E. F. in which William R. ROSTALSKY was injured; also doctor who treated him.

MECH. REPAIR SHOP UNIT 303, NEVERS AND VERNEUIL—Former members who recall Sgt. Emmet O. SEYBOLD suffering with boils and kidney trouble for which he was sent to Base Hosp. at Mars, France, for nine weeks. Ordered sent home as unfit for service, but returned with outfit in June, 1919.

U. S. S. RECEIVING SHIP *Philadelphia*—Men who recall injury to jaw of John F. SIMPSON, called "Fatima," shipwright, while running planing machine at Bremerton, Wash., 1917. Also men who recall him as cook at U. S. Naval Air Station, Lough Foyle, Ireland.

4th INF. REPL. REGT., CO. D, CAMP GORDON, GA.—2d Lt. Henry C. TRIGG, in charge N. C. O. school. Sgt. Preston H. SISK and others to assist Salem SNYDER with claim.

13th INF., HQ. CO.—Former members who served with Carlo SPANDI, now deceased, between Aug., 1918, and July, 1919; also anyone discharged from the Presidio of San Francisco during latter part of July, 1919.

10th FIELD SIG. BN., CO. C—Ex-cook Henry A. WATKIN (Utah), Cpl. PAPANHouser (Okla.), Wagoner STEAHAW (Mont.) and Capt. James L. WILLIAMS (N. Y.) to assist ex-cook James W. TEAL.

151st INF., CO. K—Sgt. TRESSLER, Cpl. PASSMORE, Sgt. FITZ and others who recall illness of Charles J. VINSON on trip from Camp Shelby to New York and later to France.

OFFICERS MESS, 6th BN., CAMP UPTON, N. Y.—Doctor (of Jewish descent) who recalls J. WATROUS, head chef, falling over egg crate with quarter of beef on shoulder, Jan., 1919, few days before latter's discharge.

PORT PORTER, N. Y., Sept., 1919—Medical officer or officers who examined Capt. John Henry WATSON, M. C., and found a heart lesion; also medical officers attached to Base Hosp. No. 208.

SPRUCE DIV., CAMP 5G 7B, near NEWPORT, OREGON, 1918—Men who served in this camp, building railroad, and recall Jack WEIDENBACKER falling down a fill, injuring spine.

21st PROV. RECRUIT, 2d BN. ENGRS. REPL. TROOPS, CAMP FORREST, Ga.—2d Lt. Herbert F. ARNOLD (Mich.) and others who recall James T. WENTZEL suffering from epileptic seizures.

60th REGT., BTY. E, C. A. C.—John RYAN and others who recall Charles G. WILSON suffering back injury at St. Mihiel; also chronic bronchitis for which he received treatment in Argonne, Oct., 1918, at Brest, Jan., 1919, and Camp Merritt, N. J., Feb., 1919, and his subsequent rheumatism of limbs while on 5th Liberty Loan tour when with 6th Co., C. A. C., May, 1919.

MOTOR TRANSP. CO. NO. 380—F. H. (Pat) WARREN and other former members who knew Max D. WILSON, sgt., now deceased, can assist widow with claim.

52d INF., HQ. CO.—Sgt. HERSCHELL R. REEVES, Pvt. 1st Cl. LeRoy BROWNFIELD and others who recall John ZINIAN injuring himself while on special duty carrying machine gun ammunition, assigned by Capt. DONNELLY. This happened in southern France, Oct. 5, 1918.

59th INF., CO. H, 4th DIV.—Information wanted regarding John S. HOEPGEN who served in A. E. F. and Army of Occupation, last heard from Aug., 1919, while still in Germany. Former comrades who know of his movements in Oct., 1919, just before outfit returned home are requested to report.

AMERICAN HOSP., JOINVILLE DU PONT (near Paris)—Doctor and nurse who recall C. Beecher SCOTT of Depot Q. M. Office in Paris having been patient in Oct., 1918, account ptomaine poisoning. Also information regarding whereabouts of Dr. THOMPSON who had hospital in Portage, Wisc., in 1920. Discharge shows no hospital treatment.

DEMARCE, James D.—Missing. Mother needs his aid.

EDMUND, Mack, veteran, about 37 yrs. old, 5 ft. 10 in., laborer. Missing. Last seen in Detroit during 1923.

FLEMING, Russell, 40 yrs. old, served as cook, Amb. Co. 24; missing from home in Boston, Pa., since July, 1920.

STEVENS, John M., 44 yrs. old, steam-shovel operator. Missing from Atlanta, Ga., home since Oct., 1925.

WAGGONER, William A., 43 yrs. old, 6 ft. 1 in., farmer, worked on road construction. Left home in Linn, W. Va., Apr., 1926.

SCHEIB, Theron D., 40 yrs. old, 5 ft. 10 in., 150 lbs., grayish blue eyes, red hair, mole on face, lost little finger left hand. Elopement from hospital at Camp Custer, Mich., Sept., 1932.

SMITH, Warren Eugene, 35 yrs. old, 190 lbs., 6 ft., black hair, dark brown eyes, tattooed designs on arms and chest, swarthy. Missing.

PATBOSEK, Anton, 38 yrs. old, black hair, dark brown eyes, 5 ft. 10 in., 185 lbs. Elopement from Veterans hospital at North Little Rock, Ark., Sept., 1925.

LOGAN, Zeke, colored, 133 lbs., 5 ft. 8 in., left pupil irregular. Escaped from Georgia State Sanitarium at Milledgeville, Mar., 1925.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

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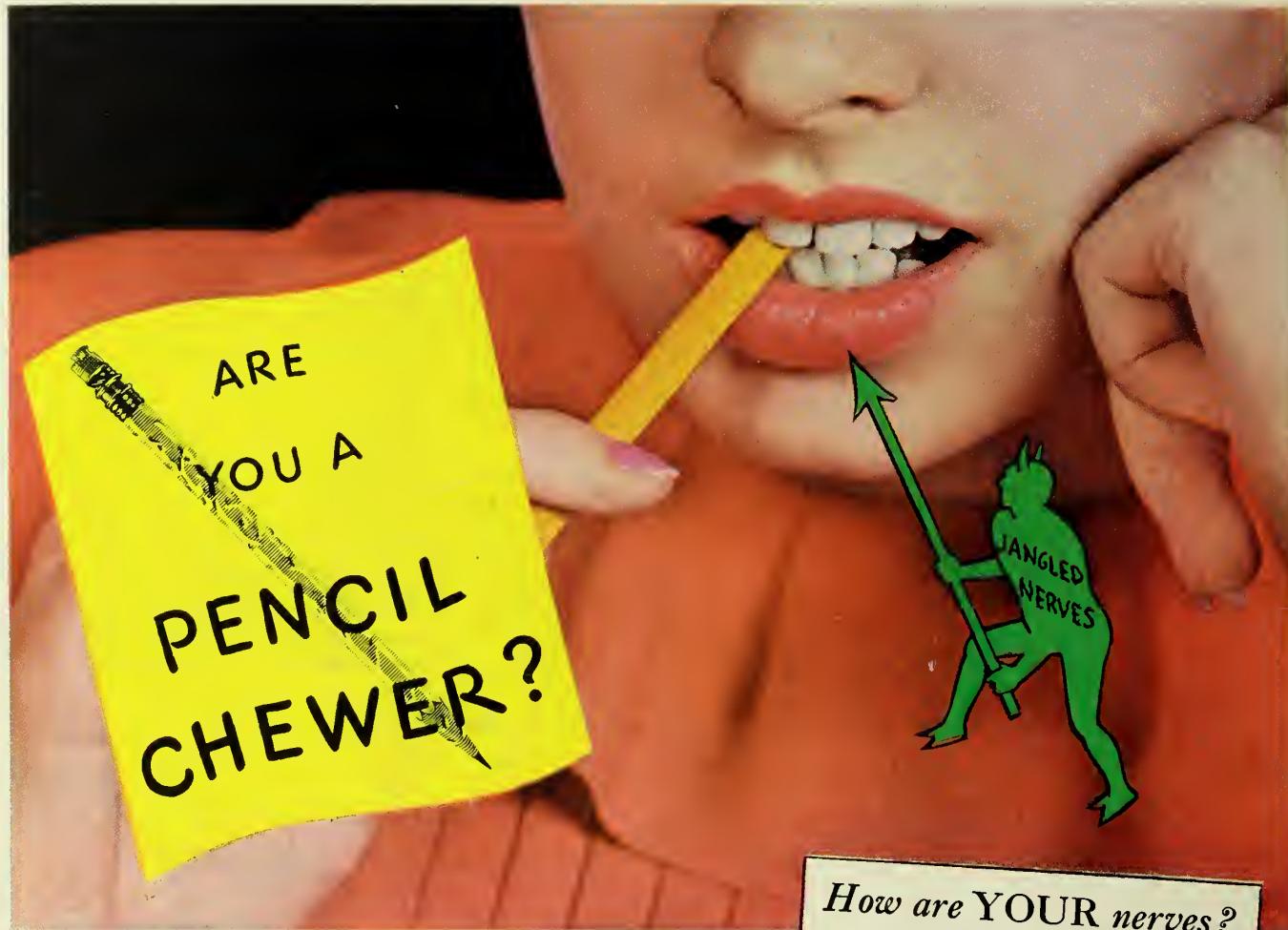
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